The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

LESSONS OF MILKENOMICS

So Michael Milken is going to jail. His stay will likely be brief and not too uncomfortable. He will emerge with a fortune still in the middle nine figures. Should prison not break his huckstering spirit, he may return to offer financial redemption to the Third World or to the new generation of corporate bankrupts his leveraging mania spawned.

It is this mania that made him and his firm, the late Drexel Burnham Lambert, famous—the furious deal making of the mid-1980s, what its partisans call the "liquid market for corporate control," and what less committed sorts think of as the looting of the national capital stock.

But to Milken's friends, he is the Walt Whitman of finance, the man who brought capital to the masses. Only a fraction of U.S. companies qualify for traditional financing; small, new, minority-, woman- and worker-owned businesses are not welcome at most investment banks. Milken was an exception to this rule; he cared only about profit potential, not pedigree or gender. Too bad his universe has been revealed as a Ponzi scheme.

People who argue that Milken was a financial democrat never pose several questions that seem inevitably to follow. What does it say about our capital markets that they fail so badly at financing risky and untraditional enterprises? That the only prominent exception to this failing was a personality-driven criminal enterprise? And that the instrument of this exception, the junk bond, imposes a usurious and potentially killing burden on its issuers?

Milken made a fortune by arranging loans to people who couldn't really afford to service them. It was a very profitable market niche. But it had little to do with getting popular control over investment; that is the work of unions, community groups and governments.

PRESIDENT WALESA?
Daniel Singer

CATASTROPHIC HEALTH CARE FIASCO
John L. Hess

BALAGUER'S LIGHTHOUSE
Amy Wilentz

DRUG WAR OF WORDS
Ralph Brauer

STANLEY CROUCH & GERALD EARLY
Gene Seymour

GARAGE BANDS
Gene Santoro

ALLAN BLOOM'S REVENGE

RAD-BAITING COMES TO BROOKLINE

BRUCE SHAPIRO

"This country is being systematically communized, perhaps unconsciously, through its educational institutions.

"These institutions are instruments through which left-wing theories and philosophies may be and are taught to large groups of young Americans by persons whom they respect and trust—their instructors. That process has been going on for years, in an insidious manner. As a consequence, we now have an entire generation of voters who do not appreciate our Constitution, or our national history."

The year was 1946. The voice belonged to Representative George Dondero of Michigan; the sentiments eventually led to the purging of "subversive" teachers from public school systems in New York and elsewhere. Motivating his bilious outburst was not just the presence of alleged Communists in the ranks of schoolteachers but the use of revisionist secondary-school history textbooks written by left-leaning historians like Charles Beard—the foundation for a new history curriculum that, in Dondero's words, "ridiculed our national heroes, such as George Washington."

A few months ago teenagers in a course called America Since 1945 at Brookline High School in Brookline, Massachusetts, devoted several weeks to learning about those postwar anti-Communist purges. They read Joe McCarthy's speeches, the Truman Doctrine and other documents; they studied assessments of the era by Richard Rovere and William F. Buckley. And they talked about whether the

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EXCHANGE.

HIGHER POWER

Gardena, Calif.

I would like to respond to one point made in Elayne Rapping's article on codependency books, "Hooked on a Feeling" [March 5]. I am a recovering alcoholic with seven years in a Twelve-Step Program. I was raised in a strict Catholic home and schools. It wasn't until I found Alcoholics Anonymous that I discovered I could lose the traditional, patriarchal image of God that I grew up with. Alcoholics Anonymous does not preach any religious ideology, only a conscious contact with a higher power of your own choosing. You can even use the group itself if you have a problem with the "God" word. My personal higher power is neither male nor female and is something way beyond my poor human mind's capability to comprehend fully or label. One thing it's not is patriarchal or traditional, thanks to A.A. *Patricia Sullivan*

ALTERNATIVE HEALING

Cambridge, Mass.

Elayne Rapping concludes that the codependency books she reviewed contain "something useful and healing." She would not discourage people in pain from using them, although these books and the self-help groups they recommend do not link personal pain with the capitalist system. I agree that the success of this movement challenges progressives to take its ideas seriously.

She is wrong, however, in stating that Twelve-Step Programs "reek of a kind of religion typified by televangelism." Although the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous were Protestants, their Twelve Steps were devised for acceptance by persons of any or no religious faith. I have known members of these programs who were atheists, Jews, Catholics, agnostics and even Marxists. Twelve-Step Programs do not promote any dogma or doctrine and the spirituality, rather than religion, that is engendered is of a highly personalized nature. The concept "God as we define God" is a feature of the program that has enabled thousands of women, in particular those informed by feminism and by feminist spirituality, to join. The internalized psychic oppression of the traditionally vengeful, judgmental, patriarchal "God" is transformed into a nurturing and caring presence for many members.

Rapping also misunderstands what she alleges to be the passivity of Twelve-Step Programs. In these programs giving up one's sense of personal agency is not the antithesis of belief in political action. Admitting powerlessness over an addiction, however, is the first step in acknowledging its hold; paradoxically this admission of powerlessness ultimately permits the development of personal strength, which a member might or might not use in the service of political action.

In addition to feminism and feminist spirituality, significant social and economic factors have contributed to the expansion of the self-help movement. Rapping might have discussed the anti-psychiatry movement of the 1960s and 1970s, which won patients the legal right to refuse psychiatric treatment in many states and questioned psychiatric authority in general; the increasing cost of mental health services, which has led many to seek alternatives to traditional mental health care; and continuing revelations of abuse by psychiatrists and other mental health providers. *Constance G. Cutter*

TWELVE-STEPS TO THE LEFT

Chevy Chase, Md.

I agree with Elayne Rapping that some of the thinking about codependency is a watered-down feminism that doesn't give the women's movement its due, and I think she raises interesting questions about the consequences of defining so many behaviors as addictions. However, there is another side. The Twelve-Step Programs constitute a social movement of enormous success, most of whose basic values are shared by the left. The left's usual response to the program has been either ignorance or scorn. That's a big mistake.

This is a self-help movement, started by the people who needed the help. Out of their suffering come the strategies for healing and empowerment. This is the same dynamic that characterized the women's movement.

The Twelve-Step Program provides an alternative medical system to the expensive, patriarchal and hierarchical one most of us depend on. It is a delicious thought that nonprofessionals had to teach professionals how to treat addiction. These days, few doctors or therapists would treat an addict without urging that she or he join a Twelve-Step Program. The Twelve-Step view that helping others is an integral part of recovery is also antihierarchical. It is truly democratic in its respect for the individual and its insistence that people in trouble need to help other people in trouble in order to feel better.

Rapping's concern that everything becomes an addiction thus works two ways. On the one hand, it may be that people take too much blame on themselves for being dysfunctional, when at least part of the cause is social. On the other hand, as more and more behaviors are labeled addictive, more groups in the alternative system are available to help people with these problems.

Also, Twelve-Step meetings are free. This means that the poor can have exactly the same service as the rich. If you need seven meetings a week, you can attend them without depending on a parent, a spouse, a good job. Even in a city as segregated by race and class as Washington, where I live, meetings are usually richly integrated by class, race, sex and age.

The movement is a grass-roots administrative miracle. All over America meetings take place on schedule. People volunteer to tell strangers where to go for which meeting; others are summoned to help people attend their first meeting. All this is accomplished with no government money, no foundations, no big donors; a hat is passed and everyone gives a dollar. Churches, synagogues, libraries and schools all donate space. It is true community involvement.

Rapping is very critical of the first three steps in the program, which involve admitting powerlessness over addiction and believing that "a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity." This is not an issue where one side is right, one wrong.

People come to these meetings because they have not been able to manage. They have lost, or never had, a sense of empowerment. Step one is a public statement, usually after years of hiding. People use the concept of turning over to "a Higher Power, as we understand Him," in a myriad of ways. The Quakers have a lovely image for it, "the inner light." Most people have some vision of transcendence when they feel they are not caught in their own egotism, narcissism, addiction. For many, turning over one's will to a higher power gets them in touch with that "inner light," that still, small voice, that part of the self that is truly wise.

I believe that any effective social program must have some concept of transcendence, some idea people can relate to that allows them to feel their life has meaning. It is easy to mock that approach, and it certainly makes sense to be wary of abuse. But I think there is a lesson for the left here. People do best when, in a disciplined group, their deepest yearnings for meaning are taken seriously. *Mary C. Schwartz*

RAPPING REPLIES

New York City

As I expected, my critique of Twelve-Step Programs provoked an extensive, often angry spate of responses. This is a measure of how deeply entrenched the ideology of these programs has become, how much we have come to see them as the *only* way to think about and treat the myriad emotional difficulties now labeled "addictions." But it is also a measure of the importance of engaging in debate about their implications.

First, the question of religion or spirituality raised by Sullivan and Cutter. I am not opposed to religion or spirituality. But there are religions and religions, higher powers and higher powers. Liberation theology, for example, is a form of spirituality that does in fact lead outward to social activism. Most Western religions, however, are totalizing visions that lead inward to excessive self-absorption and are not empowering or liberating

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EDITORIALS.

What, Us Worry?

A bunch of the guys were sitting around talking with Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline* the other day, and they decided that Washington had ceased to be an important source of news under President Bush because all was now "tranquil" in the Republic. There were no crises to report; good news was no news. The usual evidence was presented: The cold war is over, capitalist democracy is everywhere triumphant, the economy is still booming, the recent unpleasantness in Central America is winding down and the President's popularity is right up there with Bart Simpson and the Ninja Turtles. The guys couldn't have been more smug, superior—or wrong.

The idea that America is floating serenely in a historic Sea of Tranquillity is one version of the widespread theory that all the major conflicts and contradictions in society have been resolved, and that all the rich and powerful citizens have left to do is sit back and clip the coupons on a world

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entirely in their debt. Commentator George Will holds that the lack of participation of Americans in political processes, such as voting, is actually a sign that ordinary people are enormously content with the status quo. Ben Wattenberg of the American Enterprise Institute sees America as the "unipower" that has vanquished all other contenders. Under a doctrine he calls "neo-manifest destinarianism" he would spread America's unique "culture" to benighted corners of the globe via the aggressive marketing of movies and the franchising of U.S. university centers abroad. Former presidential aide Pat Buchanan thinks the next step is the annexation of several Canadian provinces (the Maritimes and the Prairie Provinces are supposedly up for grabs), after which the United States will be absolutely invincible.

Where do these guys live? Twin Peaks? The America they miss in their rounds of Georgetown taverns and Washington think tanks is racked by conflicts they never see. Standards of living and the quality of life have been declining for most people for two decades. Public education is a shambles, health care is tragically inadequate, racism is rampant, corporate privilege is unrestrained, the environment is degraded, class divisions are widening, unemployment and underemployment condemn tens of millions to poverty, violence at home and in the streets is endemic, the criminal justice system is criminal and unjust. Far from being a victorious "unipower," America is losing the protracted intracapitalist war for markets, resources and financial dominance. Profound cynicism, not blissful contentment, accounts for the rock-bottom level of political participation. Or does George Will believe that minorities, the poor, and the uneducated, who hardly vote at all, are more content than rich white college graduates, who flock to the polls?

The illusion of tranquillity is created by a do-nothing Administration and supported by the utter abdication of leadership by the Democratic opposition. The news media, for the most part, follow the agenda, or lack of one, set by the politicians, who can't see a crisis until it explodes in their face. Such dramas are rare, especially in a society so thoroughly narcotized and propagandized by that unique culture Wattenberg wants to export to countries where politics is still in the streets. But the system will not stay serene forever, and when the crisis comes Koppel had best be lining up some new guys to explain what happened.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

We are pleased to welcome four new members to *The Nation*'s editorial board. They are: Deborah W. Meier, creative force behind four innovative alternative public schools in East Harlem, New York City, and principal of the Central Park East Secondary School; Toni Morrison, editor, teacher and author of several novels, including *Song of Solomon*, winner of the 1977 National Book Critics Circle Award, and *Beloved*, which was awarded the 1987 Pulitzer Prize; Neil Postman, professor of media ecology at New York University and author of sixteen books, including *Teaching as a Subversive Activity* and *Amusing Ourselves to Death*; and David Weir, co-founder of the Committee for Investigative Reporting, lecturer at the Graduate School of Journalism, University of California, Berkeley, and senior editor of *California Magazine*. The editorial board plays an important advisory role at *The Nation*. The new members will augment the quality and range of our coverage.

*Nation*ologists and habitual masthead readers will also notice some new titles on the business side this week. The people themselves are not new; they have all been around for several years and have contributed to the successful functioning of *The Nation*. But we're happy to bring them out for a curtain call in this space: President, David Parker; Associate Publisher and General Manager, Neil Black; Associate Publisher and Advertising Director, Chris Calhoun; Vice President and Circulation Director, Margaret Pyle; Vice President and Nation Associates Director, Sandra Zickefoose.

Poland's Perón?

At the second Congress of Solidarity, held in Gdansk from April 19 to 25, Lech Walesa did nothing to deny the suggestions of his fellow unionists that he may soon be riding on a white horse to the *Belweder*, Poland's White House—better known as the former residence of the prewar dictator, Marshal Jozef Pilsudski. Walesa thus confirmed the persistent rumors that next year, in a further breach of last year's "historic compromise," Poland will stage a presidential election by universal suffrage, allowing Corporal Walesa to take over from General Jaruzelski. Especially in light of his landslide re-election as chair of Solidarity (he took 77 percent of the vote, up from 55 percent nine years ago), Walesa's bid for the presidency can be interpreted as part of the irresistible rise of the electrician.

On closer scrutiny, however, his victory is not so triumphant, and the prospect of his ascent to the presidency not so glorious. Both his opponents at this congress were pushovers, one of them a complete unknown. It was not a real contest, and this time around it was not taking place in as exalted a league. Solidarity may rule Poland as a substitute for a political party, with Tadeusz Mazowiecki heading the government as Prime Minister. But as a labor union it is a shadow of its former self, claiming no more than a fifth of the membership of nearly 10 million it had nine years ago. Indeed, there is a direct link between its holding office and its dwindling members. The union is weak because Solidarity is defending an economic policy that badly hurts the interests of its rank and file.

Warsaw wits have revived the story of the man who wanted to train his horse to live without food. The experiment was proceeding quite successfully, but just as it was growing accustomed to permanent fasting the stupid animal died. Leszek Balcerowicz, the Finance Minister, can likewise

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claim that his harsh treatment is yielding results: The galloping inflation rate dropped to 5 percent in March and was probably even lower in April; the devalued zloty is preserving its parity with the dollar—without having to borrow from the special $1 billion currency stabilization fund set up by a consortium of fifteen industrialized nations; and Poland has a surplus in its trade with the West. But the cost is prohibitive. Since the beginning of the year industrial production has fallen by about one-third, and real wages, never very high, by even more. In the first quarter of 1990 unemployment, previously nonexistent, rose to 300,000. It is expected to top 1 million—or around 10 percent of the labor force—by the end of the year. "If we were purely a union," Walesa admitted at the congress, "we would have had to call a general strike."

But Walesa does not want a strike. Nor will he attack the government for the consequences of its determined drive toward capitalism, since it is a policy he himself advocates. Hence, he must invent some quarrels. He blames the "intellectuals" for having given him bad advice, or for their alleged contempt for his proletarian manners and vulgar accent. He attacks Mazowiecki for sticking to the letter of last year's agreement with the Communist Party, for not showing enough zeal in kicking "Communists" out of their jobs, including the presidency. Poland is in a paradoxical mood. When belts are so tightened, there is no euphoria. But people can still attribute the present predicament to the *ancien régime* and thus retain faith in their own government. They still trust Solidarity enough to elect its candidates in huge numbers in this month's local elections. But workers no longer trust it enough to join the union in large numbers.

Political confidence, too, is a wasting asset, and Walesa's presidential bid may well be dictated by the need for a strongman, as well as by his own undoubted ambition and vanity. (Unkind souls say that he is spurred to action whenever an opinion poll reveals that Mazowiecki has a higher popularity rating than his own.) Should economic discontent reach a dangerous level, "Commies," "intellectuals" or other convenient scapegoats will have to be found. It is not clear how far Walesa himself is ready to go in this direction, but some of his current lieutenants who run the union weekly, *Solidarnosc*, would not balk at a right-wing nationalist regime that would conduct witch hunts against Reds and impose a moral order blessed by the Church. Pilsudski is not their only model; the Poles may invent their own version of *Peronismo*.

It is never sure that the worst will come to pass. Much will depend on the economic situation, and the government may yet revise its policies. In any case, electing the president through universal suffrage will require constitutional change, and that will take time. Should Lech Walesa nevertheless opt for the role of *caudillo*, it would be a sad ending for a man who less than ten years ago climbed over the fence in the Lenin Shipyards and helped spur the spectacular revival of an autonomous Polish labor movement. Has all that been lost forever? DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

Church Political

On April 27, the Supreme Court refused to grant "standing"—the right to sue—to Abortion Rights Mobilization (ARM) in its ten-year legal effort to compel the Internal Revenue Service to enforce tax code provisions that prohibit religious groups from endorsing political candidates. Section 501(c)(3) of the tax code prohibits tax-exempt religious groups from participating or intervening in political campaigns, "including the publishing and distribution of statements." ARM had collected scores of articles from official Catholic newspapers listing names of candidates to support or oppose, including the newspaper of the archdiocese of San Antonio, Texas, *Today's Catholic*, which headlined its list of candidates, "To the I.R.S.—NUTS!!!"

ARM supplied the I.R.S. and the press with its evidence, but the I.R.S. ignored the Catholic Church's violations and refused to meet with ARM's lawyers. However, in 1964, when *Christian Century*, a small ecumenical journal, supported Lyndon Johnson, the I.R.S. rescinded its tax-exempt status for two years. That same year the I.R.S. withdrew tax-exempt status from Billy James Hargis's radio ministry, Christian Echoes, for "political intervention."

From this history it would be logical to conclude that the I.R.S. enforces the law against smaller religious groups, but not against the power of the Catholic Church. By blocking ARM's suit, the Supreme Court has limited the public's ability to challenge the I.R.S. policy as a violation of the separation of church and state.

As if anticipating the Court's decision, Catholic clergy have been actively intervening in politics lately. Bishop Leo Maher of San Diego in a public letter denied Communion to Lucy Killea, a Catholic who supports the right to choose abortion, three weeks before Election Day in her California State Senate race. Archbishop Anthony Apuron of Guam recently threatened to excommunicate any Catholic legislator in his archdiocese who did not vote for an antiabortion bill. Bishop Austin Vaughan of Newburgh, New York, warned that Governor Mario Cuomo was "in serious risk of going to hell" for his pro-choice stand.

All clergy are free to discuss abortion and other issues from the pulpit, and the tax code quite properly allows tax-exempt groups to devote a portion of their resources to lobbying and education efforts. But for all their extensive politicking, liberal church groups and leaders like the Clergy and Laity Concerned and the Rev. William Sloane Coffin have always taken care to avoid direct endorsements in political campaigns. By allowing the Catholic Church to use tax-exempt dollars to support or attack political candidates and officials, the I.R.S. and the Supreme Court have given the Catholic hierarchy a critical advantage over religious groups that obey the tax code. LAWRENCE LADER

Lawrence Lader, author of Abortion, *was founding chair of National Abortion Rights Action League, and is now president of Abortion Rights Mobilization.*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Hello History, Get Me Rewrite

Flying east to Milwaukee on Earth Day I was four hours a captive with nothing to read but *Mirabella*, *Time* and instructions on how to use my flotation cushion in the unlikely event of a water landing. *Mirabella* wasn't bad at all. I could tell where the feature articles began and ended, which is not the case with *Vogue*. Reading *Vogue* is like being trapped in a wastepaper basket in a high wind.

Time's cover that particular week, causing me to caress the flotation cushion with damp palms, announced "No Joke: This man could be our next President" over a picture of Dan Quayle, plus the words "A probing look by Garry Wills."

Now, Wills is a pretty smart fellow so I turned the pages to see where his probing look had taken him. Wills advanced the view that young Danforth Q. isn't a conservative ideologue like his father but a "pragmatist." In this kind of political calibration we deal in millionths of a degree—like saying Bush is less "ideological" than Reagan.

But what really startled me was Wills's portrayal of the Vice President's grandfather, Eugene Pulliam, as another pragmatist, a crusty populist battling the vested interests. We're talking here about the owner of two of the most notoriously awful right-wing newspapers in the country—*The Indianapolis Star* and the *Arizona Republic*. The only good story I ever heard about Pulliam was that he let a donkey wander about his house and snack off the dining room sideboard, no doubt improving the level of conversation. Otherwise Pulliam was your standard mail-order monster. In 1922 he wrote an editorial in the *Star* discerning that "there is always some good in everything. For instance, the KKK with its mysterious contribution visits is getting a lot of men to church who probably haven't been inside a church in years." He was a delirious cold warrior and, according to Russell Pulliam's memoir of him, when Martin Luther King was assassinated Pulliam ordered the *Star*'s news editor to put the story at the bottom of the front page because King had been a "rabblerouser."

This tendency to rehab freestanding swine as "populists," rough-hewn but kindly, is all the rage. Only two weeks ago *The Nation* featured a piece by Benjamin Cheever about *Reader's Digest* and its founder, DeWitt Wallace. Cheever depicted the present regime at the *Digest* in harsh terms: a bunch of unfeeling money-grubbers, too concerned with lining their own pockets even to give out free turkeys to their employees. Wallace, by contrast, was rolled forth as a generous, "tolerant" old boy. "While it was easy to find fault with his dogma," Cheever wrote, "it was hard not to respect him for the purity and consistency of his vision. . . . This great man . . . wanted to be called Wally. He made an art of civility," etc. etc.

Is this what the "end of the cold war" means? That we have to call DeWitt Wallace tolerant? Even the admiring Samuel Schreiner, author of *The Condensed World of the Reader's Digest*, could not help but write, "It would be tedious beyond endurance even to list the titles of Digest articles asserting that the world would be better off without communists of every kind, but particularly Russians and Chinese, economists who think inflation might be more tolerable than unemployment, most union leaders who have been depicted as communists and/or gangsters depending on the times, federal revenue agents, environmentalists who even in the interest of saving animals might inhibit industry, young people who don't take the *Digest* to heart or even read it, and Democrats."

Wallace was easily as hysterical about domestic threats to his world view as about the external menace of Bolshevist takeover. After the *Digest* ran an article in 1949 attacking rent control, *The Wall Street Journal* published an editorial, on April 22, 1949, saying, "Never a publication to shy from giving a hearing to fascists and fascist sympathizers, the *Reader's Digest* February issue makes itself the vehicle for 'no vacancies,' an antirent-control tirade by Bertrand de Jouvenel, once described in the New York Herald Tribune as the 'French Goebbels.' " (Yes, the *Journal* seems to have had a different slant to its editorial pages in those days. Last time I handed in my column there I could have sworn I saw a spectral de Jouvenel tapping away at his word processor.)

Like most people who give out occasional free turkeys, Wallace was an autocrat entirely intolerant of dissent. Cheever whistles up the old standard about a great man who "believed in the American Dream." His dream was nicely represented by his heroes, Richard Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover, and his nightmare was the prospect of Martin Luther King's march on Washington in 1963, about which the *Digest* remarked in an article by William Schulz, "One thing is certain; whether or not all the protesters' plans materialize, the nation faces international humiliation as a result of the Washington campaign. Communism's worldwide propaganda apparatus is set for a field day."

Up there in the populist pantheon with Pulliam and Wallace is now Coke Stevenson, the Texas Governor converted by Robert Caro into a hybrid of Cato, Lincoln and John Wayne. Caro devotes some of the silliest passages in twentieth-century biography to this character, from whom L.B.J. stole the 1948 Senate primary by eighty-seven votes. Robert Sherrill had a savagely funny review of Caro's *Means of Ascent* in *The Texas Observer* for April 6, pointing out that while many Texans respected Stevenson, others considered him "a pigheaded, outdated, niggardly old reactionary who was taking money under the table from the oil industry."

The first volume of Ronnie Dugger's 1982 biography of Johnson, *The Politician*, taking him up to 1952, was, Sherrill points out, in many ways much better researched and more revealing than Caro's stuff, but it lacked the middlebrow chest-pounding pomp of Caro's style, Cecil B. de Mille reincarnated as a scribe: "Friends who stayed at the ranch sometimes remember getting up at four or five in the morning to go to the bathroom, and seeing a lamp burning in the living room and, in its circle of light, Coke Stevenson reading, his huge, gnarled, powerful hands tenderly holding the book." As Sherrill says, "What did they expect him to be doing—crushing the book?"

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Some people, my brother Andrew for example, contend that attacks on Caro's portrayal of Stevenson stem basically from disquiet that a biography should dwell so lengthily on the fact that the world's greatest democracy was led for four years, and partially led for far longer, by a man who owed his Senate seat, hence his White House office, to ballot rigging. Indeed, Caro's book came under attack just at the time Jimmy Carter and a few thousand other self-righteous North Americans were heading south to Nicaragua to make sure the ballot boxes there were properly locked. There's some truth in Andrew's point, but Americans have never found much contradiction in conceding with wry laughter that both Johnson and Kennedy owed their political fortune to vote fraud, while simultaneously arguing that they were fighting for freedom.

Footnote: *The Nation* will probably soon rediscover Walt Disney as a lovable man of the people, quick with the holiday turkey and retirement watch. An article on April 30 about Burma had as its strap line "A Fascist Disneyland." Time was when people said Disneyland was fascistic.

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been A Member of the P.T.A.?

The day of the antiabortion rally in Washington, I was at the Marriott in Anaheim, not far from Disneyland, as an invited speaker of the Orange County Press Club. My particular panel tossed up and down on its horns the theme of "Journalist as Activist," the "activism" under scrutiny not being something robustly exciting like John Reed's support for the Russian Revolution but the participation of some reporters from *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* in the pro-choice rally last year. In the aftermath of this rally news executives from both papers said those reporters had been out of line in showing publicly that they had any thoughts of their own.

The panel rapidly took on a hallucinatory quality, as Tom Wilkinson (who was described in a craggy piece of bureaucratese as "assistant managing editor/special assistant to the managing editor for *The Washington Post*") indicated the types of activism deemed inappropriate by the editors and publisher of the *Post*. They don't, Wilkinson said, care for their reporters to be in the Sierra Club, the A.C.L.U. or even the P.T.A., if such P.T.A. activities develop into a leadership role.

Robert Scheer of the *Los Angeles Times*, who said he was not only a member of the Sierra Club and the A.C.L.U. but also a P.T.A. stalwart, asked Wilkinson whether the *Post*'s high command had problems with any of its reporters or editors being Roman Catholic. As Bob pointed out, being a member of the A.C.L.U. does not mean you are pledged to uphold for a particular program or creed, and the Sierra Club scarcely makes democratic centralism mandatory upon its members. Catholics on the other hand are presumptively under religious discipline concerning motions of intellect and conscience. Wilkinson waffled. He wasn't pressed on other politico-religious credos such as Zionism or Islam.

The point of all these ludicrous rules is to deny employees of news organizations the right to be active members of the community, with sanctions being taken when an employee gets under management's skin. Obvious too is something every sane person knows: that a reporter who is a buddy of Jesse Jackson invites charges of an "appearance of bias," but no such "appearance of bias" is mooted if Katharine Graham has Nancy Reagan to stay on Martha's Vineyard. Clearly reporters aren't going to be charged with evincing the dreaded "appearance of bias" if they live in $400,000 houses, send their children to Harvard, go to mass and vote Democrat or Republican. Equally clearly they are immediately open to charges of bias if they do something that is identifiably at odds with the values of the owner, like being more than a white oblong blur in front of a computer terminal. A black oblong blur is by definition under suspicion for being black and therefore probably antiwhite unless demonstrating constant proofs to the contrary.

Matters have got much worse in the forty years since people were kicked out of news organizations for being Communists. Go on a whale watch and your editor will be on the phone, fretting that the oil industry will charge that whale watching demonstrates an appearance of undue bias in favor of living things.

Footnote: *The New York Times*'s front-page photograph of the antiabortion rally featured a man with his back to the camera who I thought for a moment might be my colleague Hitchens. But the caption said the fellow was praying. So far as I know, Christopher is still foursquare against God and associated faith-based activities. As recently as January, though, he was telling Don Kowet of *The Washington Times* that "I can't think of a single circumstance in which I'd favor emptying a woman's uterus." But I gather he may have shifted his position on abortion, thus explaining his absence from all photographs of the rally I have been able to scrutinize. Christopher was in an opinionated mood the day he spoke with Kowet, saying also, "The FMLN is the only reason why there's been any reform at all in El Salvador. But I ask myself every day, if the FMLN won the war, would it commit the same mistakes as the old regime? The answer is yes."

On this matter of being anti-God, *The Nation* doesn't mind the appearance, even the naked reality, of anti-Popery. Last August I mentioned Pope John Paul II, adding the injunction "May he burn in hell." I alerted my editor, JoAnn Wypijewski, that this malediction was in the nature of a test and we then awaited reaction. There wasn't any. If I'd written "May the Lubavitcher Rebbe burn in hell" there would have been a terrific stink, but the thought of the Pontiff toasting in Inferno didn't bother anyone, either editors or readers; or if it did, they kept their anguish to themselves. Ed Sorel's current batch of rather hackneyed cartoons against religion have been pretty exclusively confined to Catholicism, which is characteristically prudent on Sorel's part. No need to ask for danger money if you stick to the Pope and the Inquisition.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ The Balance Sheet

A confession: Until recently I was a victim of Jimmy Carter hype. Not such a bad guy, building homes for the homeless while Reagan shills for Japanese corporations and Nixon tries pathetically to resurrect. Then came a press release from the Carter Center, in which the ex-President praised American Cyanamid for donating more than $2 million worth of the chemical Abate for the center's program to eradicate Guinea worm disease by 1995. "American Cyanamid has exhibited a new brand of corporate citizenship," Carter gushed. This does appear to be a good turn. But it comes at a time when American Cyanamid is on the defensive for exporting hazardous mercury-laced waste to South Africa.

Last year, after being tipped off by Greenpeace, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* ran a fine article by Bill Lambrecht revealing a waste pipeline running from American Cyanamid's plant in New Jersey to a Thor Chemical reprocessing facility in the government-designated "homeland" of KwaZulu. Water samples taken from a marsh behind Thor had mercury levels 1,500 times greater than the U.S. limit for toxic sediment. Mercury levels in the nearby Mngeweni River, which runs through many villages and is used for washing, bathing and drinking, were also alarmingly high. American Cyanamid claimed the waste was being safely handled.

In April the South African government temporarily shut the Thor facility. American Cyanamid noted that the Thor closing had prompted it to consider eliminating the production of mercury but also to look for a new place to ship the waste. Meanwhile, the company will continue to send its highly toxic mercury waste to South Africa. In fact, it has notified the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency that it intends to increase its annual shipment of mercury waste to South Africa by up to 13,000 pounds. That's some corporate citizenship.

■ Give Us Your Tires

A creative approach to foisting American trash on a Third World nation is being promoted by Admiralty Pacific, a Seattle-based firm whose board includes Curtin Winsor, the U.S. Ambassador to Costa Rica from 1983 through 1985. A confidential business plan calls for collecting as many as 100 million waste tires in the United States and Canada and shipping them to the Marshall Islands in the Pacific, where they would be used primarily to build artificial reefs to increase the "aquaculture and agriculture potential" of the impoverished atolls. As if to sweeten the deal, Admiralty Pacific notes that various Native American tribes have expressed interest in securing and preparing the tires for shipping, a process, it says, that could create 5,000 jobs.

The diligent waste watchers at Greenpeace have collected the opinions of numerous experts in marine biology on the plan. This is "an 'all too often repeated' example of 'artificial reef' construction being used to disguise solid waste disposal in the marine environment," writes Raymond Buckley, a research scientist at the Department of Fisheries in Washington State. He adds, "This plan appears to be typical of these types of projects, in that a few parties along the way expect to make some money at the expense of the marine ecosystem, and perhaps the Marshall Islanders as well." Buckley maintains that tires are "not an acceptable artificial reef material as claimed in the plan" and are prohibited by law in California from being used for reefs. Several other marine experts find the plan ludicrous. C. Robert Feldmeth, a biology professor at Claremont McKenna College, points out that there really is no need for "artificial reef materials" in the Marshall Islands, where reef-building corals are abundant.

What makes the scheme even more suspect is that it follows on the heels of another plan by Admiralty Pacific, now shelved, to ship 10 percent of the household waste produced on the West Coast (which could contain toxic material) to the islands for disposal. But clearly Admiralty Pacific has not given up. The tire proposal says that artificial reefs and lagoons created by the tires could be turned into land suitable for agricultural use. How? By filling them with solid waste.

■ East Meets Waste

Corporate greed is not the only cause of ecological damage. The state controllers of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union have long put production ahead of the environment. Acid rain is destroying Eastern European forests. In Krakow, Poland, lead contamination in apples and lettuce is ten times higher than the limit set by the World Health Organization. Coming to the rescue is that bulwark of environmental concern, the U.S. Congress. Last year it appropriated $10 million for environmental initiatives in Eastern Europe, to be overseen by the E.P.A. The E.P.A. has begun some useful programs. In Krakow, it is installing air monitoring equipment and helping the city upgrade its drinking water. Now, with Congress considering sending another $100 million in green aid, the Bush Administration wants to let the U.S. Agency for International Development decide how to spend the funds. At a recent Congressional hearing, Robert Barry, a special assistant at the State Department, said that A.I.D. might even dispense this money for programs run by the Department of Energy or by private businesses. The E.P.A. is far from perfect, but certainly it knows more about environmental protection than A.I.D. Evidence of A.I.D.'s attitude toward environmental programs can be found in a memorandum obtained by the Sierra Club which states that A.I.D.'s involvement in such programs "must flow from our economic development role." The pressure to "develop" the economies of the East may impede the cleanup needed. For some time East Germany and Hungary, desperate for hard currency, have imported toxic waste from Western Europe. The best answer is to fund programs run by an E.P.A. that consults with and finances local environmental groups and to keep out of this the "developers," who care more about currency than ecology.

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Theology (CONCLUSION)

EDWARD SOREL

Q: WHY WAS EUFAME MACALYANE BURNED AT THE STAKE?
A: ANESTHETICS WERE REGARDED BY THE CLERGY (PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC) AS DIABOLICAL. EUFAME'S CRIME WAS USING CHLOROFORM TO EASE THE PAIN OF A WOMAN IN CHILDBIRTH.
Q: WHY WAS WILLIAM TYNDALE BURNED AT THE STAKE?
A: AGAINST THE WISHES OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON, TYNDALE TRANSLATED THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH AND HAD 6,000 COPIES PRINTED IN FRANCE. WHEN THESE WERE SMUGGLED INTO ENGLAND THE BISHOP BURNED THEM IN A PUBLIC FIRE. TYNDALE WAS FINALLY CAUGHT IN BRUSSELS AND EXECUTED — A TRAGIC CASE OF PUBLISHING AND PERISHING.
Q: WHY WAS THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM WORTH THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS?
A: POPE URBAN II, IN HIS GREAT SERMON AT CLERMONT, DECLARED, "JERUSALEM IS THE MIDDLE POINT OF EARTH". HE BASED THIS BELIEF ON THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL, WHICH SPEAKS OF JERUSALEM AS THE CENTER POINT OF EARTH, AND ALL OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD SET AROUND THE HOLY CITY. "DEUS VULT" (GOD WILLS IT) BECAME THE CRY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.
Q: ACCORDING TO CARDINAL COOKE, WHY DID AMERICAN TROOPS GO TO VIETNAM?
A: ON CHRISTMAS, 1970, THE CARDINAL VISITED AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN VIETNAM AND TOLD THEM, "YOU ARE FRIENDS OF CHRIST BY THE FACT THAT YOU COME OVER HERE."
Q: WHY IS THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OPPOSED TO ABORTION?
A: BECAUSE THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE COMES BEFORE ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS.

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ARTICLES.

GREEDY GEEZERS—II

The Catastrophic Health Care Fiasco

JOHN L. HESS

The trouble with us geezers is that we live too long. If we don't bankrupt the country with our pensions, we'll do it with our medical bills. That is the theme of a campaign that has been going on for well more than a decade. It scored big with the Social Security "rescues" of 1977 and 1983, which cut benefits and raised payroll taxes [see Hess, "Confessions of a Greedy Geezer," April 2]. It mounted a similar assault on fair play with the Catastrophic Medicare Act of 1988. We fended that one off, but we're still taking a lot of abuse for it. The true story needs to be told. . . .

Alone among developed countries, the United States has no national health system. The public has long favored the idea, but powerful lobbies blocked it. At the climax of the Great Society push in 1966, a fateful compromise was struck. The working population was supposed to depend on voluntary insurance plans, but was given the added privilege of contributing to two new programs. One was Medicare, for elderly or disabled people on Social Security; it offered limited coverage financed by an added payroll tax, supplemented by premiums paid by beneficiaries and by the federal government. The other, Medicaid, was a welfare program for the very poor, financed 50/50 by Washington and by the states under conditions that virtually guaranteed corruption, waste and parsimony. It nonetheless offered too much relief for the likes of Ronald Reagan, who complained in 1980 that Medicaid patients were spending too much time lolling in hospital beds. "You and I in the hospital," he said, "we're figuring costs. We begin to say to the doctor, 'When can I go home?' But they've never had a servant. They are lying there being waited on."

As a remedy for a crisis in health care costs, the Medicare-Medicaid compromise had two glaring weaknesses. One was that it did nothing for the general population under 65 except tax them. The other flaw—and it was fatal—was that it let agencies dominated by organized doctors, hospitals and nursing homes decide what fees the programs should pay, and it let the providers charge Medicare patients whatever they wished *in addition* to the insurance. That opened the floodgates. Year in and year out, the cost of health care has risen two to three times the inflation rate. Total health spending has soared to 12 percent of the gross national product—far more than in countries with cradle-to-grave care—and it is still climbing. The cost of health insurance has become an intolerable burden on business and a cause of labor strife. Despite frequent pruning by federal and state governments, Medicare and Medicaid outlays grow like tumors.

For this inflation, the providers of health care blame technological progress. Normally, such progress should reduce costs, but an industry that is run on a cost-plus basis, as this one is, may find technology an irresistible source of pride and profit. A right-wing essayist who boasted that there were more CAT scanners in the city of Seattle than in the entire province of British Columbia may have missed the point, namely, that medical costs were also higher in Seattle.

The new ability of medicine to extend life by heroic measures has also served as an effective club to swat geezers. We are, to lift a line from Oscar Wilde, dying beyond our means. Actually, the most dramatic right-to-die cases preoccupying the news media have involved young patients in prolonged comas. But Richard Lamm, former Governor of Colorado, said it was the elderly who had "a duty to die and get out of the way." Indeed, the conviction that the added costs of keeping geezers alive could bankrupt society has become so fashionable that one of its propagators, Daniel Callahan, placed an article in *The Nation* suggesting that some kind of generational triage was needed [see "Limiting Health Care for the Old," August 15/22, 1987].

The elderly are, in fact, hurting worse today than when Medicare was enacted. According to the House Select Committee on Aging, their average out-of-pocket costs for health care were $300, or 15 percent of income, in 1966 and $2,394, or 18.1 percent of income, in 1988. Their modest savings, so exaggerated by journalists, are a flimsy shelter against serious or chronic illness. Medicare coverage is soon exhausted, and since only paupers are eligible for Medicaid, many an old couple have resorted to divorce or fraudulent expedients to preserve a few paltry assets for one spouse while the ailing one qualifies for charity.

Sympathy for the elderly is in short supply in the press, however. The notion that we are affluent monsters snatching food from the mouths of babes has become conventional wisdom. Thus an economic columnist could write in *The New York Times* that the federal deficit was "overwhelmingly a consequence of America's military outlays and entitlement programs such as Social Security . . . together with the nation's unwillingness to pay the taxes needed to finance the expenditures."

That was in January 1988, a month when every paycheck was showing an added tax bite, ostensibly for Social Security but actually, as the *Times* would later admit, to reduce the federal deficit. To suggest that the nation was unwilling to finance Social Security when, as a result of the benefit cuts and tax increases voted in 1977 and 1983, that program was running a huge surplus, is an indication of the journalistic climate. At that moment the overwhelming favorite of the news media for the Democratic presidential nomination—and the underwhelming favorite of the public—was one Bruce Babbitt of Arizona. During his brief candidacy, he

John L. Hess is a veteran journalist who writes a weekly column for The New York Observer. *This is the second of two articles.*

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won raves in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New Republic* and *The Washington Monthly*, among others, for his advocacy of a national sales tax and a cap on the Social Security cost-of-living adjustment (COLA). In a front-page assessment dismissive of Babbitt's rivals, *The New York Times* quoted a knowledgeable source as saying that the COLA issue was "a litmus test for political courage among political reporters." (Virtually the same accolade has just been conferred upon Representative Dan Rostenkowski for again proposing to cap Social Security.) This was not limited to the Democratic side. Jack Kemp, fighting to keep his candidacy for the Republican nomination alive, pointed out that both of his rivals, George Bush and Bob Dole, had favored a freeze.

Yet in that final year of the Reagan presidency, a miracle seemed to occur. The White House and Congress, which had been trimming social programs for more than a decade, suddenly agreed to extend Medicare to cover catastrophic illness. The nation cheered. Even much of the geezer-bashing news media welcomed this evidence that we were, after all, a caring nation. Passage of the legislation doubtless helped elect George Bush. . . .

And then—then came the revolt of the Greedy Geezers. The revolt was almost entirely spontaneous and the motives behind it were never explained to the public, but it was neverthess powerful enough to cause Congress to repeal overwhelmingly in the autumn of 1989 what it had adopted overwhelmingly in the summer of 1988.

Commentaries reflected bafflement, shock, shame, grief and anger. The *Times*, which had never advocated broadening of coverage, now mourned, "Without the catastrophic health care program, the elderly poor will have trouble sleeping at night. For other reasons, so might the affluent elderly who defeated it." Eleanor Clift reported in *Newsweek* that "lawmakers privately deride [the repeal advocates] as 'greedy geezers.'" Murray Kempton in *Newsday* berated Congressmen representing the ghetto poor for voting "to appease the hypochondria of the near-rich." And Martin Tolchin of the *Times* added ruefully that opinion polls "can be deceptive." He referred to those showing that 90 percent of Americans in 1988 supported the bill, "giving lawmakers little warning of the ambush they would encounter this summer."

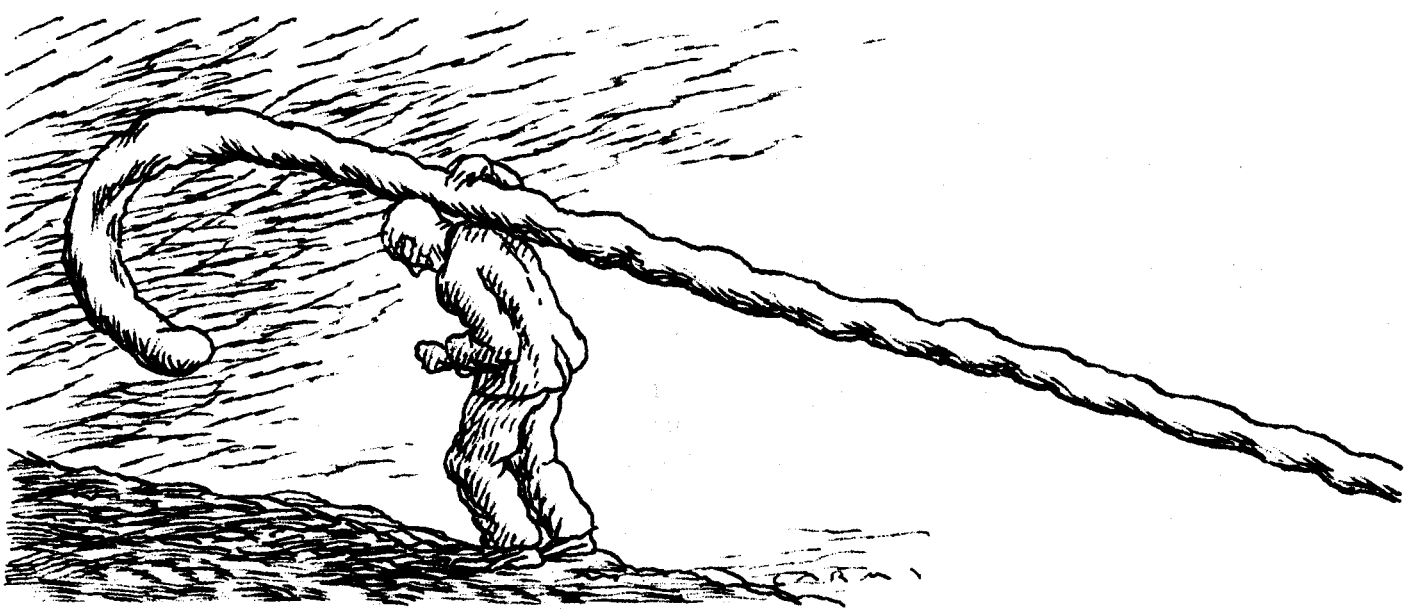
Well, how could those Americans have known what was in the bill? Not from reading Tolchin, the principal reporter for the *Times*, and hence for other journalists, on this legislation. Consider a dispatch of his immediately following the bill's passage. It began: "The United States may be a youth culture, but the elderly seem to have cornered the market on political strength. On Capitol Hill there are increasing complaints that the elderly are casting too large a shadow over the Congress, and getting more than their share of Federal benefits at the expense of the middle-aged and young."

These conflicting forces (geezer power and Congressional resentment) were demonstrated, Tolchin said, by two actions on the very same day: Senate approval of catastrophic Medicare and House rejection of what he called "longterm home health care for the elderly."

Tolchin was, as it happens, wrong on all counts. The lobby of the elderly was weak and demoralized after a decade of abuse, defeats and surrenders. The bill that had been beaten in the House called for home care not for the elderly but for the handicapped of any age (Down's syndrome children, for example). And catastrophic Medicare—the only instance Tolchin cited of hogging of federal funds by the elderly—was entirely financed by old people.

There is a great deal more that the public did not know about the law when it was enacted. Even posthumously, it has been presented as relief for the poor at the expense of the rich. As beneficiaries had to learn on their own, it was nothing of the kind. Like the Social Security "rescue" of 1983, it was one more effort to transfer costs from the wealthy to people of low and middle incomes.

The first thing that most beneficiaries learned was that they were even worse off than they had been. An added bite of $4 a month was coming off their Social Security checks,



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and this would grow sharply in years to come. In addition, all persons 65 years of age or older who paid $150 or more in income tax would pay a surtax of 15 percent, up to a maximum of $800. The surtax also would grow in future years. It was, effectively, a tax on old age.

And what would the geezers get for this? Well, the poorest would get nothing, of course, because they already qualify for Medicaid, which provides much broader coverage. A majority of the rest were covered by some form of private Medigap insurance for costs that Medicare does not meet, like prescriptions, or does not fully meet, like hospital stays beyond ninety days. Medigap insurance is sold to employers, trade unions and individuals by such outfits as Blue Cross, the American Association of Retired People (A.A.R.P.) and other insurance companies. Virtually all such policies promise to pay retirees, within limits, only what Medicare does not cover, so the insurers were the largest beneficiaries of catastrophic Medicare. Rather than reduce premiums to reflect their bonanza, they announced that they would raise premiums less than they had planned. (So they did, and did again following repeal. The *Times* was typical of many companies that in turn raised deductibles and levied premiums on staff and retirees.) Another major beneficiary, in a manner of speaking, was the federal Treasury, which had figured to take in $5 billion more than it would pay out in the first year. (It apparently made a modest profit on the $4 premium before it was repealed; this levy was not returned.)

So here we had another fraud of the same nature as the 1983 Social Security bill: a measure disguised as a helping hand to the elderly but actually designed to transfer social costs from the rich to those less able to pay. Once again the A.A.R.P. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsed the measure, which would have relieved pressure on their own insurance funds, and Congress went along because the bill had been universally advertised as a measure of relief to the most pitifully stricken elderly patients at the expense of the affluent.

So firmly fixed was this notion, that a front-page analysis in *The New York Times* described the surtax as being levied on incomes "above $35,000." Following a complaint from a geezer, the paper ran a little correction saying the surtax applied to incomes from $15,000 up to $35,000. Nuance. After that, Tolchin and virtually all other reporters began referring to the program as being financed by the wealthiest 40 percent, although no more than 3 percent of the elderly may meaningfully be described as wealthy (incomes over $50,000), and although this ignored the $4 taken each month from everyone's Social Security checks.

Broadcast journalists and columnists tend to make snap interpretations of complex issues based on a quick reading of the *Times*. It is harder to comprehend specialists who promote absurdity. What is one to think of Joshua Wiener of the Brookings Institution, who wrote for *Newsday* that Medicare taxes were progressive? "Actually," he actually said, "the basic Medicare program already requires the well-to-do to pay more than the poor. The $45,000-a-year worker pays 4.5 times what the $10,000-a-year worker pays for the same Medicare benefits." Well, yes, and the rich consumer pays more sales tax than the poor consumer, but no scholar would claim that the sales tax is progressive. It is interesting that Wiener cut off his example at $45,000, since the Medicare and Social Security taxes apply only to the first $51,300 of wages (and not at all to unearned income). The regressive nature of these taxes would have been more obvious if he had noted that the million-dollar executive paid no more than the $45,000 worker.

Under catastrophic Medicare the elderly found themselves singled out to be taxed, ostensibly to relieve the plight of a relatively few old hospital patients. (Ordinary nursing-home care, the most serious financial problem for the elderly, was not covered by the program.) The act was a striking departure from long-established principle, as if school taxes were to be levied only on parents. When the nature of the act seeped through the media smokescreen, a revolt scorched the grass roots. It was largely spontaneous, although an advocacy enterprise headed by the sometime Republican James Roosevelt leaped in to fan the blaze.

In every district, members of Congress returning home between sessions were greeted by angry constituents. National attention was given to the ignoble reception in Chicago of Dan Rostenkowski, a hero then as now to the geezer bashers. A shocked Martin Tolchin said his man had been "verbally abused" by a crowd of what Phillip Longman described as "well-dressed retirees." Both were writing from Washington, where lawmakers slunk back to repeal catastrophic Medicare while mumbling off-the-record imprecations.

Senator Edward Kennedy moved to salvage the benefits in the act by transferring their cost to the affluent through a modest rise in the top income-tax bracket. It was of course a nonstarter, like Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's proposal to cut the Social Security tax. In this Congress and under this Administration, repeal was the best that could be accomplished. To have brought them to this humiliating pass was nonetheless a triumph, indicating what geezer power can actually achieve if it is well organized and well led, and if labor and liberals are properly aligned with it.

Repeal was, to be sure, a negative victory, leaving geezers no better off than before, and in fact worse off in the news media. The storm of abuse let up in volume, but not in kind. A viewing of six *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* reports on the battle (by no means the worst) conveys the point. The first

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THE FIRST ANNUAL NATION MAGAZINE/I.F. STONE AWARD FOR STUDENT JOURNALISM

ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 30, 1990

PURPOSE: *The Nation* magazine/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly,* he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, unpublished articles also will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1990.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1990.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1989, and June 30, 1990. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

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program, aired during final passage of the act, made the legislation sound heavenly. The second, seven months later, reports a wave of protest, but only one serious critic of the bill is heard, in one brief segment. A staff reporter says, "What angered seniors is that some of them are paying more than others." The American Enterprise Institute's Norman Ornstein, a paid consultant to the show, describes us Greedy Geezers as "extraordinarily powerful," "sophisticated" and rich. Errors of omission and commission abound. The last show, this past January 29, featured a pitiable victim of repeal and trotted out Ornstein again to draw the pointed conclusion that the episode had turned Congress off from doing any more for an ungrateful public.

Despite the slanders and abuse, the battle for equity and security must continue. In this effort, as it happens, the elderly have been the most supportive—perhaps because we grew up in a kinder era. A national health system, long-term care for the handicapped and pension and tax reform would help the young and future generations far more than they can help us, yet those are the goals that attract the most enthusiasm when old people gather to talk politics.

For the first time in our history, young Americans can no longer expect to live better than, or even as well as, their parents, thanks to a decline in real wages, a retrenchment in social services and a transfer of wealth upward, aided by the tax laws. This situation has been made formal by two-tier labor contracts, unionbusting and legislation like the Social Security Reform Act of 1983, which condemned the young to higher taxes now and smaller pensions later. And through it all, a heavy propaganda campaign has been waged to persuade the young victims to blame their elders, the Greedy Geezers.

Surprisingly, the campaign seems to have persuaded only the news media. This was certified recently by none other than Phillip Longman of Americans for Generational Equity; Longman has made a career out of blaming the elderly. In an Op-Ed diatribe in the *Times* titled "Elderly, Affluent—and Selfish," he wrote, "Young Americans are a generous lot. Despite all the talk about selfish Yuppies and a coming 'war between the generations,' the majority of Americans under 35, according to the polls, support more generous benefits for the current elderly."

That was *your* talk of a war between the generations, Phillip. And, if I may assume the terms of affection that you and your friends have lavished upon us, let me tell you that you have warmed the cockles of this spiteful, avaricious, rapacious, profligate, greedy, parody-of-a-special-interest geezer's heart. □

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DOMINICAN ELECTIONS

Balaguer Builds A Lighthouse

AMY WILENTZ

The Columbus Lighthouse is an astounding project. First imagined by a fanciful Dominican writer in 1852, and designed in 1931 by an English architect, it long ago became the dream child of the conservative Dominican leader and current President Joaquín Balaguer. The lighthouse is under construction right now on a piece of land not far from Santo Domingo, off the Highway of the Americas. The monument, which is almost finished, looks like an awkward, Latino-Bauhaus leviathan, beached and peering out wistfully toward the water. If Balaguer's government completes the lighthouse on schedule, it will first send out its beacon two years from now, during the huge festivities that are to take place in the Dominican Republic, and elsewhere, to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the landfall of Christopher Columbus in this hemisphere.

Balaguer says that no matter what happens in this year's May 16 election—in which he is to face his old rival Juan Bosch, 80, among others—he intends to inaugurate the lighthouse if he is still living. Pope John Paul II is to come for the occasion and so is King Juan Carlos of Spain. The most popular political joke in the Dominican Republic these days is that on October 12, 1992, the 82-year-old Balaguer will inaugurate the lighthouse, see off Juan Carlos and John Paul at the airport and then go directly to the cemetery. The Pharaonic lighthouse itself seems a fitting final project for blind old Balaguer.

When people in the Dominican Republic try to explain the lighthouse to foreigners, they refer most often to the Statue of Liberty. It's an apt comparison, in that both monuments say a lot—on purpose, and by accident—about the countries they have come to symbolize. "The Discoverer's particular fondness [for the Dominican Republic] is evidenced by his choosing it as the base from which Spain extended its dominion over the New World and transferred Western civilization and Christianity to America. . . . In 1992, it is of particular importance to highlight the place where two peoples with differing concepts of life and the world came together." This is from the tourist brochure put out by the Permanent Dominican Commission for the Celebration of the Quincentennial of the Discovery and Evangelization of America (the prolix Balaguer must have invented that title).

Like the lighthouse, the text of the quincentennial brochure is self-important and reminiscent of Balaguer's many books on Dominican history. It glorifies the Spanish, lauds the Dominican Republic as a part of the great Iberian

Amy Wilentz is the author of The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier *(Simon and Schuster). This is the second of two articles.*

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empire, pays supine obeisance to Old World culture and implicitly condescends to Native American culture. In its zeal the brochure neglects to mention any of the later consequences of Columbus's discovery: for example, the near eradication in many places of one of those "two peoples," and their replacement with a third people, the African slaves.

Of course, the lighthouse is a good symbol for the Dominican Republic in other, more immediate ways. It is without doubt the most elaborate and exorbitant of Balaguer's famous construction projects, which he has been using for years to give the impression—both to Dominicans and to foreign aid donors—that the Dominican economy is in good health.

But the economy, based partly on sugarcane and other agricultural products harvested mostly by Haitian migrant labor, is easily rocked by drops in the global prices of those commodities. Its other main support—besides the export assembly industry—is tourism, which brings in foreign exchange. (Sometimes the businessmen involved in cane are also involved in tourism. For example, the Fanjul family, which heads a large Cuban-American consortium, runs the Central Romana, an enormous sugarcane plantation that used to belong to Gulf + Western, and also owns a resort and two hotels on the island.)

Father Jorge Cela can see the Columbus Lighthouse from the roof of his office in Guachupita, a poor neighborhood that looks out over the Río Ozama, the wide river that separates downtown Santo Domingo and the Colonial Zone from outlying areas. "Believe me, I don't go upstairs too often to look at the thing," Father Cela says, shaking his head. Cela, a Cuban Jesuit who has been in the Dominican Republic for seventeen years, works with the Committee for the Defense of Neighborhood Rights (Copadeba).

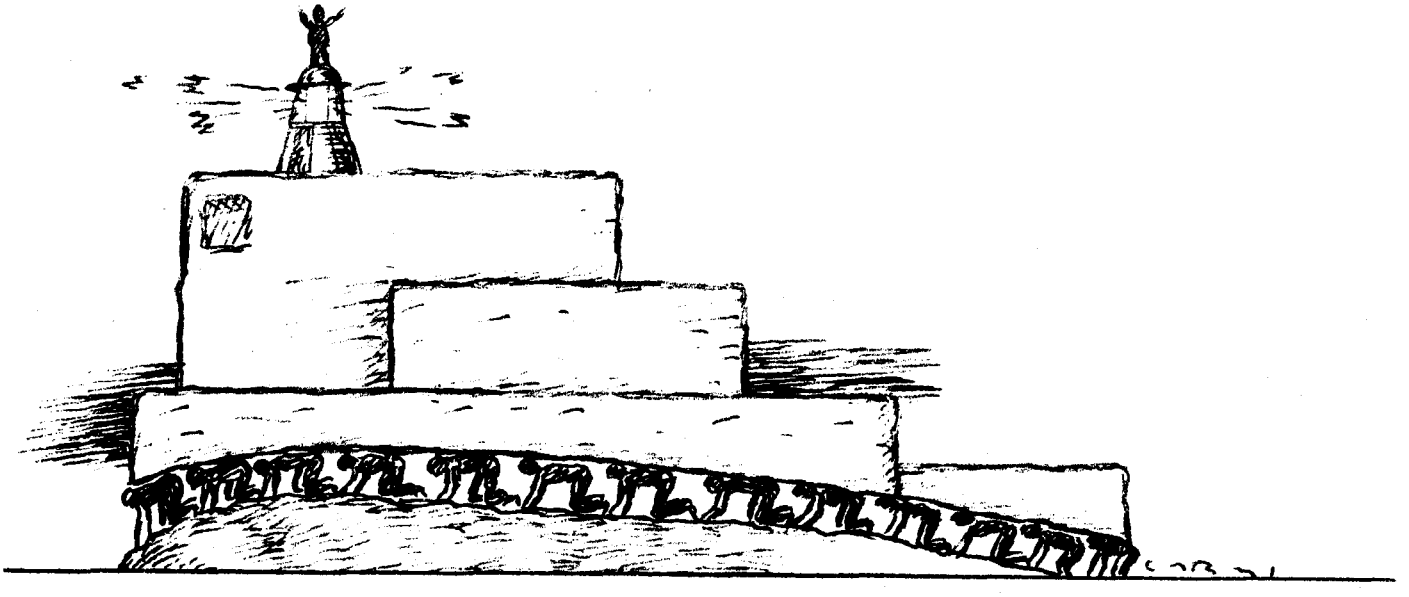
"Part of the plan for the quincentennial," Cela says, "is what Balaguer calls the beautification of Santo Domingo. This of course is a beautification for tourists, and what it really means is that Balaguer and his engineers, along with the police, are sweeping people out of the poor neighborhoods and putting up these awful, sterile housing projects. The police and the engineers and bands of youths hired by them are harassing the people until they agree to go, throwing rocks at their houses and then razing their homes. In most cases, the people are kicked out of the city." (A Copadeba investigation also revealed that those neighborhoods of Santo Domingo that have experienced the most thoroughgoing "beautification" have traditionally been enclaves of anti-Balaguer sentiment, usually voting against his Reformist Social Christian Party.)

In order to win the cooperation of the police in the neighborhoods slated for "beautification," the engineers first erect a spanking new police station. Next, they offer to build a new church. Many priests have been all too happy to accept the offer, but Cela refused. "It didn't exactly accord with my beliefs," he says.

In Guachupita the results of beautification are visible. People who formerly had their own small houses are now living with as many as seven people to a room in temporary barrackslike structures strung out through the middle of the old neighborhood. Sewage passes in front of the buildings in an open stream that is also used for bathing.

Some of the people of Guachupita have been living in the barracks for almost two years. And they are the lucky ones: When the housing projects are finished, they will be moved into apartments that have some semblance of cleanliness, although the projects are poorly designed (they look a little like the Columbus Lighthouse) and there is water and electricity for only two hours a day. The less lucky residents were simply forced out of their homes, given a nominal cash recompense and sent to the countryside, where they have no jobs or houses.

Another neighborhood that will be "beautified" is the one facing the Columbus Lighthouse. Domingo Gómez lives in a house—a shack, really, with two rooms and a tin roof—directly opposite the end of the lighthouse that looks out to sea. His house is marked 134, a red number painted there by the police, who have been trying for two years to evict Gómez and dozens of his neighbors. "Many have already



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left," Gómez says. "But I have lived here ten years. I built this house. I don't feel like going, and I'm not going unless they push me out with the bulldozer." Unfortunately for Gómez, that is not impossible. Several adamant homesteaders in Guachupita fled their homes only when the bulldozers were at the front door.

People like Father Cela have been working for years inside the Catholic Church to help the poorest sections of the Dominican and Dominico-Haitian population. But as usual in Latin America, there is another side to the Catholic Church. Those priests who accept the new churches from the engineers are ample proof. Further up the hierarchical ladder is the president of the Permanent Dominican Commission for the Celebration of the Quincentennial of the Discovery and Evangelization of America: His Excellency the Right Reverend Monsignor Nicolás de Jesús López Rodríguez.

Many priests and concerned lay people believe that López, the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, is angling for a promotion. The Pope, after all, will be coming to the Dominican Republic to celebrate Columbus's arrival and to participate in the next meeting of the Latin American Episcopal Conference, which brings together all the bishops of the region. If all goes well, López may become a cardinal.

The last two conferences were in Medellín, Colombia (1968), where the church announced its embrace of liberation theology, and in Puebla, Mexico (1979), where, after a decade of death-squad activity against the liberation clergy in Latin America, progressive Brazilian bishops thwarted the attempt by church conservatives to stack the meeting against the liberationists and to abandon liberation theology. Liberation theologians fear they may be denied all access to the 1992 conference, and some have expressed fears that a conservative Dominican government, headed by Balaguer, may not even allow them into the country in the weeks before the conference begins. If Balaguer is still alive and still President, he will not want the liberationists to spoil his quincentennial; nor will López.

But it is not entirely certain that Balaguer will still be President. Recent polls have shown Bosch gaining or pulling ahead, and in March centrist church and business leaders finally accepted Bosch as a legitimate leader, rather than implying, as they have so often in the past, that he is a dangerous Marxist-Leninist. The jury for the National Literature Prize was so uncertain of the election's outcome that it awarded the 1989 prize to both Bosch and Balaguer "in recognition of literary production throughout a lifetime."

The President has said that if re-elected, he intends to continue his monetarist economic programs and his construction projects. These are popular with a certain powerful segment of the right that believes such programs are part of a Dominican patriot's contribution to the fatherland. "You must leave your name written in stone," Balaguer wrote in his book *La Ciudad Romántica.*

But the troubling truth that lies hidden behind the beautification, and all those construction jobs, is that Balaguer's recent economic record is not good. "If Balaguer cannot make the republic rich," his detractors often say, "at least he will make it beautiful." In real terms, the monthly private-sector minimum wage declined by almost 25 pesos from 1988 to 1989, even though the government raised the monthly minimum from 500 to 700 pesos last year. Since 1988 the Dominican Republic's trade deficit has increased by $241 million.

All this has had immediate effects on the population. During one week in March, for example, the price of a pound of powdered milk rose from 11 to 15 pesos. In order to counter the sort of antigovernment feeling such inflation engenders, Balaguer is pumping a massive infusion of funds into the Bodegas Populares, a chain of government-subsidized grocery stores where food is cheap. (From July 1989 through February 1990, the government appropriated some 20 million pesos for the bodegas. The bodegas were scheduled to receive another 10 million during the two months leading up to the elections.)

That is hardly the only cynical, behind-the-scenes electioneering going on. Some neighborhoods are now going eight to ten hours a day without electricity, a worsening of an already chronic problem in Santo Domingo and elsewhere in the country. Nonetheless, there is hope for a few. In neighborhoods where Balaguer is intent on bolstering his popularity, the trend is the opposite—there, outages have become shorter and less frequent. When the lights go on, people laugh and say, "Ah, the election is coming."

In Santo Domingo endless campaign motorcades, with their blaring music, their cars filled to overflowing with supporters and their proud banners of red for Balaguer or purple and gold for Bosch, bring traffic to a halt along the tree-lined *avenidas*, and huge electoral demonstrations clog the downtown Parque Independencia. Balaguer appears on television every night, and the commercials lauding his completed construction projects will be shown with more frequency—if that is possible. Bosch will have a moment here and there, and the debate about a live debate between the two men will rage on.

The most revealing campaign events, in the end, are Balaguer's, for they show how completely he has identified himself with his construction projects. He takes advantage of every inauguration of a building or a plaza or a monument paid for with public money to stage a campaign rally, although the Dominican electoral laws expressly forbid candidates from using public funds in any form on their campaigns. "The completion of each project," wrote Margarita Cordero in an article in the newspaper *El Siglo*, "is invariably the scene of wild re-election fervor." There he is, the television cameras rolling: a little blind man standing before an enormous building in his stiff dark suit, giving his stump speech, surrounded by his crowd. "If not rich, then beautiful," they say. But will beautiful satisfy the Dominican voters? □

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SEMANTIC ESCALATION

The Drug War Of Words

RALPH BRAUER

When Ralph Waldo Emerson observed that "language is the archives of history," he never could have imagined how the drug war has borne out his aphorism. Today's news reports ring with phrases that evoke bad memories: "massive interdiction" (the last time I remember hearing that was in reference to the Ho Chi Minh trail) and "quick strike raids" (like the Mayaguez incident?). *Newsweek* slips into old habits when it divides drug experts into "hawks and doves." Dan Rather invokes language he hasn't used since you-know-when. "The war against crack can be won, but not until and unless we have the national will to do it," he preached on the *48 Hours* episode "Return to Crack Street."

The *Los Angeles Daily News* reports that Army surgeons—who haven't had much practice since troops scrambled to get on helicopters leaving Saigon—are now practicing patching up gunshot wounds at Los Angeles's Martin Luther King Jr./Drew Medical Center. President Bush lets his imagery run amok, as others often did during the Vietnam era, when he vows the Administration will fight the war "neighborhood by neighborhood, block by block, child by child." (How do you wage war "child by child"?) Drug czar William Bennett's fondness for draconian punishments for dealers and users seems a flashback to Gen. Curtis LeMay, the man who wanted to bomb Vietnam into the Stone Age.

This rhetorical escalation of the "drug crisis" into the "drug war" represents a disturbing psychological shift. In wartime, hysterical phrases such as "the enemy will stop at nothing" and "they even target children" push nations beyond law and morality. During previous conflicts, assassinations, torture, the bombing of civilians, domestic spying and the suspension of civil liberties all became viable options. The drug war has featured an invasion that killed hundreds of innocent Panamanians—with little public indignation—and the involvement of the National Guard in domestic law enforcement operations. Perhaps the most bizarre example of a wartime mentality occurred when talk-show host Larry King interviewed Bennett. "We are not doing enough that is morally proportional to the nature of the offense," said the drug czar. "Behead?" asked King. "Morally I don't have any problem with that," Bennett replied.

A chief result of such bellicose rhetoric is the dehumanization of the enemy. They become a cipher, a concept, not human beings. Drug dealers are referred to as "scum," "creatures," "creeps," and are painted with the evil countenances of subhuman life forms, in the same way that World War II propaganda stereotyped the Japanese and television caricatured the Vietnamese.

Along with dehumanization comes a broader definition of whom we are fighting. In World War II we battled "Japs" and "Krauts" as much as we fought the governments of Adolf Hitler and General Tojo. In the cold war, "communist," "Russian," "socialist" and "Red" were interchangeable. Later, the Vietnamese became "gooks." This gives rise to such embarrassments as the violent suppression of anything German that accompanied the first World War, the internment of Japanese-Americans during the second, the hysteria of the McCarthy era, My Lai.

The language of the drug war suggests a similar mind-set. The Bush Administration is targeting not merely dealers but addicts and those who happen to have the misfortune of living near a crack house but take no action against it. The President tells a national television audience that blame for the drug crisis lies with "everyone who uses drugs, everyone who sells drugs and everyone who looks the other way." This leads to a rather loose definition of enemy territory: Crack dealers become crack neighborhoods become the inner city. Although the Administration acknowledges that drugs are a national problem, their availability outside the inner city elicits a paranoia once reserved for fifth-column movements. In a contemporary version of the domino theory, the mission is framed as preventing drugs from spilling over into the "general" population. Bush made this attitude quite explicit when he displayed a bag of white powder that he said had been seized in the very shadow of the White House.

Of course, anyone who watches television knows that inner cities are the real "front lines." As a result, those living there face suspicion, condescension and hate. Their neighborhoods have become contemporary versions of Southeast Asia—dangerous, exotic places where even a child might kill you. (Notice how often this scenario appears in the drug war and nourishes the same ugly emotions it fed during Vietnam.)

Inhabitants of the "battleground" become what Roger Wilkins, in a *Frontline* documentary, terms "throwaway people," who view themselves as an "endangered species." With the Administration turning cities into free-fire zones, the nation isolates those who are trying to hold their lives and neighborhoods together.

Paranoia fuels an already explosive racial atmosphere that can spontaneously combust into ugly incidents such as Howard Beach. Whites openly fear young black males, thinking that any one of them may be an addict or a dealer out to do them in. Antagonism flares up in unexpected places, such as in this letter to Ann Landers: "Our nation's capital is not governed by the President or by Congress. It is governed by fear. Fear of 14- and 15-year-olds who might shoot you if you look at them wrong. There are certain sections in this city that no sane person would venture into after dark."

Such rhetoric supports Oscar-winning director Oliver Stone's observation that "Vietnam is a state of mind which continues." Just as we wrote off the people of Southeast

Ralph Brauer is a policy analyst and writer whose work has been published in The New York Times Magazine, Newsweek *and* In These Times.

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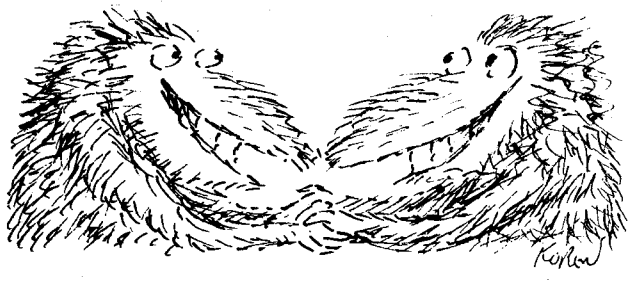

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Asia, we are writing off the inner cities. Some current proposals appear to have been pulled off the Vietnam shelf: Jack Kemp's urban enterprise zones resemble the strategic hamlet program; sending advisers to Peru recalls widening the war into Cambodia; stressing the number of people put behind bars sounds like body counts. SWAT teams dressed like the Green Berets plead for more "firepower," while on Capitol Hill the generals in the war lobby for "border interdiction." Meanwhile, Administration statistics about drugs produce the same skepticism that figures from Vietnam once evoked.

The conclusion these policies lead to is inescapable. What the words of the drug war—like those of Vietnam—add up to is a formula for failure. Fortunately, some are beginning to take a different view. Houston Mayor Kathy Whitmire told CBS, "We're going to have to change the value system in this country." In a *New Perspectives Quarterly* interview Terry Williams, author of *The Cocaine Kids*, stated, "Being poor sucks. That's what this teenage drug scene in the inner city is all about." Francis Hall, who helped design New York City's Tactical Narcotics Teams, told *The New York Times*, "We lost the Vietnam War with a half-million men. We're doing the same thing with drugs." What these critics acknowledge is that the drug problem is not about guns and bullets but about human beings. Maybe the rest of us will catch on before it's too late. □

Brookline

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

McCarthy Era had ever truly ended. They didn't read Representative Dondero's speech about schoolteachers, but his words would sound stunningly contemporary in Brookline. Over the past few months, in a conflict whose central issues are echoed in school systems throughout the country, many of the town's high school social studies teachers have been denounced in public meetings and in the local press as "ideological leftists" who are "anti-Western": radicals, feminists and sixties holdovers who have "subjected [students] to political propaganda on foreign and domestic issues."

Lying just west of Boston, Brookline seems an unlikely seedbed for a new McCarthyism. The proud residence of card-carrying A.C.L.U. member Michael Dukakis, Brookline has long been associated with liberal causes, from housing integration to peace marches. No Bible-Belt populists here; Brookline probably has more Ph.D.s per square mile than any other suburb in the United States, and its large Jewish population has helped earn the town a widespread reputation for ethnic tolerance. Traditionally its school system has been among the most highly regarded in New England.

Not surprisingly, there was little sign of resistance over

Bruce Shapiro, co-founder and former editor of the New Haven Independent, *is a contributor to* Building Bridges: The Emerging Grassroots Coalition of Labor and Community *(Monthly Review Press). He is also theater critic for* The Advocate *of Stamford, Connecticut.*

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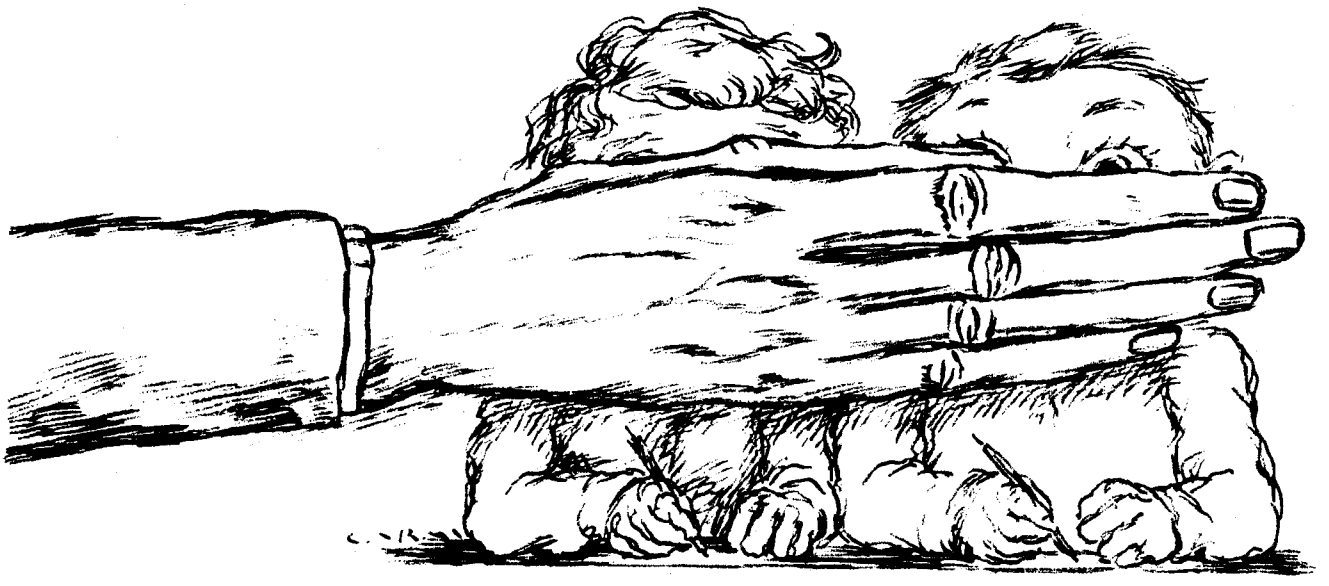
the past six years as a team of Brookline teachers, parents and elected school committee members developed a new social studies curriculum for kindergarten through twelfth grade that was designed to foster a broader sense of global citizenship and of the relationship between cultures. But last autumn word got around town that a popular senior honors class—Advanced Placement European History, taught for many years by a self-described conservative named James Dudley, who had declined to participate in most of the planning process—would be dropped, to be replaced by A.P. classes in American and comparative governments.

Some parents and alumni of Dudley's class immediately objected, passing around a petition calling for reinstatement of the course and drawing news coverage in a community weekly, the *Brookline Citizen*. But that was just the spark. Within a few weeks parents and other Brooklinerers had formed the Committee for Quality Education (C.Q.E.) and launched an offensive against the entire new curriculum, indeed against the school's underlying philosophy, decrying what the group termed "moves to lower academic standards."

"Consider the following," the twenty-seven-member committee wrote in a flier in January announcing its plans to run candidates for the town's school committee. "Our school system claims that European History is biased against women, minorities and poor people. . . . Academically challenging courses are being removed from the High School in favor of electives concentrating on current issues. WHY?" Or, as committee founders had written to the school's social studies department chair a few weeks earlier, "Are we to judge course offerings at the High School by how much leafleting they encourage students to do?" An editorial in the *Citizen*, citing the University of Chicago's Allan Bloom, warned that "the closing of the American mind" was happening right in Brookline.

Soon Brookline High's critics zeroed in on specific elective course offerings in social studies which, they charged, had "a radical left perspective." At a crowded school committee meeting in late February, Robert Costrell, the president of the C.Q.E. and an economics professor at the University of Massachusetts, held aloft a copy of *Marx for Beginners*, used in an economics class, as an exhibit of low standards and radical bias. Clark University philosophy professor Christina Sommers complained about the course Women in Society, described in the school's curriculum guide as an attempt to "examine the role and status of women throughout history in Western society and in other cultures." Its lengthy reading list includes selections from *Our Bodies, Ourselves* and Gelsey Kirkland's *Dancing on My Grave*, which Sommers called "the poorly written autobiography of an anorexic, cocaine-addicted ballerina." Her criticisms were picked up by Don Feder, a conservative columnist for the *Boston Herald*, who labeled the course "the Gospel of St. Molly" (meaning Molly Yard of the National Organization for Women) and went on to denounce history teaching that emphasizes "the contributions of Africans, American Indians, Polynesians, Eskimos and Aleuts."

Then there was the sophomore course World in Crisis. With the help of an extensive reading list and teachers' guide, students were encouraged to explore issues raised by the Nuremberg trials and by conflicts in Northern Ireland, Southeast Asia—and the Middle East. The course had been taught a year earlier without complaint. But in February the C.Q.E. scrutinized the teachers' guide and labeled it anti-Israel and anti-Semitic, though three of the guide's four authors are Jewish. Most of the criticisms, from people who'd never sat in on the class, focused on historical comparisons of Jewish and Palestinian nationalism, and on suggestions that Israel and Lebanon might both be viewed as "nations formed by European colonialists." There was also a ruckus over comparative readings by Jeane Kirkpatrick and Abu Nidal. Zvi Sesling, a town selectman whose child was taking the World in Crisis course, picked up on the issue; the *Brookline Citizen* reprinted a page of the teachers' guide with Sesling's red-inked glosses. In one case he had slashed a line beneath the sentence "But students do need to know that the Israelis created a complex, democratic, social-welfare oriented state, at least for the Jews," and then had scribbled "PREJUDICED STATEMENT" in the margin.



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"I was traumatized by reading the curriculum," one angry parent said at the school committee meeting. "If they don't pull that course, I am going to attend that classroom every day," said another, "and I am going to raise hell!" Boston's two Jewish newspapers, *The Jewish Advocate* and *The Boston Jewish Times*, splashed the story across their front pages. Two staff members of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith offered their services to mediate among parents, Jewish community leaders and besieged teachers. In mid-March school administrators and teachers conceded to pulling the section on the Arab-Israeli conflict from the course, to be reviewed and possibly re-included next year. "Teachers plan to teach the history of the Middle East, but will refrain from leading debate and discussion on this controversial issue," the school's headmaster, Mary Jennings, said. This means that Brookline teenagers can study Iran and Iraq but not Israel.

Brookline High's teachers, caught by surprise and striving "to keep to the high road," as one of them put it, were at first slow to respond publicly to the intense campaign. Finally, in early March, 166 Brookline High School faculty members released a statement describing themselves as "upset, dismayed and concerned" by events. A week later Superintendent of Schools James Walsh called for a "moratorium" on the inquisition, at once supporting the teachers and promising new procedures to give parents "real input" into curriculum development (though parents had of course helped draft the new curriculum).

Strange Bedfellows

If Brookline is an unexpected home for educational radbaiting, the school system's critics themselves are at first glance unlikely bedfellows of staunch right-wingers like Bloom and former Education Secretary William Bennett, who have nationally led the charge against multiculturalism. Many leaders of the Committee for Quality Education describe themselves as solid Democrats, as liberals. "I wrote a position paper for Dukakis and did a jobs study in 1988 for Congressional Democrats that got me denounced by four Republican senators," says C.Q.E. president Costrell, "so it's a little disconcerting to be labeled an elitist with a conservative agenda." Costrell, who is father to a toddler but has no children in the schools, says his great-uncle was in the Communist Party, and Costrell himself remembers the F.B.I. coming to the house of his father, a physicist, during the atomic secrets scare. "He'd send them packing. So I know about McCarthyism from my childhood. McCarthyism is about what you *think*, rather than what you *do*. And this is about what teachers *do* in the classroom."

"I was on all the peace lines in the sixties and seventies," says another C.Q.E. activist, David Stillman. He and his wife, Ronnie Gordon, co-authors of French and Spanish textbooks and both language teachers at Harvard, have been among the most vociferous critics of the social studies curriculum. "I worked for Dukakis. If I were in Israel I would probably be in the peace movement." But, he adds, "times do change, and these teachers seem not to have realized that." What it comes down to, he says, "is that this attack on European history seemed to me an attack on standards. There's all this nonsense about Eurocentrism."

Resentment toward "this nonsense about Eurocentrism" is part of what unites liberal Brookline with conservative educational ideologues. Ever since last summer educational traditionalists around the country have been fuming over a New York State educational task force report titled "A Curriculum of Inclusion." The report asked whether public school courses "adequately reflect the pluralistic nature of our society" and suggested that a more culturally balanced curriculum would improve the self-esteem of ethnic minority students while encouraging children from European cultures to "have a less arrogant perspective." That modest proposal has drawn a firestorm of criticism, perhaps nowhere as fierce as in educated, sophisticated Brookline. Brookline's educational watchdogs, as determined as fundamentalist ministers but waving Allan Bloom and The Canon rather than the Bible, object to the schools' emphasis on the cultural relativism of knowledge. "It's this negative attitude toward European culture," complains Costrell. "They're saying you have to make white kids aware of the oppressive nature of European culture."

What's strikingly missing from such laments over "anti-Westernism" is any sense that European history itself is teeming with ethnic minorities and repressed cultures which find no voice in The Canon. Indeed, many of those who today attack a "curriculum of inclusion" are descended from Europeans who are at best written into the margins of the history books, whether Jewish, Sicilian, Breton or Slovenian. It's not just black and Latino students whose pasts have been neglected. And this isn't simply a matter of equal time: It's hard to imagine a subject more crucial for young people—whether in understanding a restructured Europe, inner-city U.S. politics or their own families—than the historical and psychological experiences of repressed cultures.

But curriculum content is only part of the debate. The Brookline controversy, much like the debate over educational standards nationwide, also hinges on an attempt to roll back the widespread school reforms of the 1970s—reforms that gave teachers and students alike a more active role in setting the agenda for many schools and raised new questions about what the goal of education ought to be.

Brookline's experience in this respect is particularly vivid. In the mid-1970s the town's schools became a laboratory for Lawrence Kohlberg, the late Harvard professor who pioneered the idea of education oriented as much toward moral development and critical thinking as toward encyclopedic knowledge. Kohlberg encouraged Brookline High to involve students in running the institution, even in setting its rules, and he advocated a curriculum in which what students learn about the process of thinking and decision making is as important as historical facts and figures. By its very nature, social studies is at the heart of that approach. Kohlberg's influence is still felt at Brookline High. The school's headmaster is a proud advocate of his theories, and in one senior philosophy class students read Kohlberg's work on moral development alongside a feminist critique of it by another Harvard professor, Carol Gilligan.

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Kohlberg's approach has been derided as "a fad" by C.Q.E. members like Sommers, who says the school system's basic approach is lacking "an old-fashioned concern for rigor and content"—though no one can show a lower college acceptance rate at Brookline as a result. To Stillman, Kohlberg's influence combined with multiculturalism adds up to "a hostility to bright, high-achieving students" in a community "where equality of opportunity has been confused with equality of achievement." Similarly, national advocates of "excellence in education" have sought to blame Kohlberg-style "values clarification" and attempts to democratize the schools for the overall decline in educational performance. That schools around the country, including in Massachusetts, have struggled with budget cuts and the deepening poverty of many students is rarely remarked in the standard laments over the state of education.

Economic factors also provide a further dimension to Brookline's unexpected shift rightward. In 1988, a combination of Reagan-era cuts in federal and state assistance to cities and towns, rampant real estate inflation fueled by speculation, and a reassessment of property values forced up Brookline homeowners' local tax bills between 40 and 100 percent. "There was a homeowner revolt," says Lawrence Harmon, editor of the *Brookline Citizen*. (Harmon cheerily admits his paper's role in fanning the curriculum controversy: "Ad hominem attacks are very common in this town. It sells a lot of papers, so we feed into it.") That year, two progressive selectpersons were voted out, replaced with a pair of fiscal conservatives. Suddenly, says Harmon, homeowners angry about their taxes started questioning "every town department in sight." One of the first, and still most hotly contested, targets was Brookline's longstanding rent-control policy, which critics contend is widely abused and leads to unfairly low tax assessments for rent-controlled housing. It was only a matter of time before those same eyes settled on the school system, once a sacred cow. As it happens, some of the C.Q.E.'s most vocal participants are also opponents of rent control.

If postwar nuclear anxiety helped fuel the purges of the 1950s, perhaps post-Reagan, close-to-home economic anxiety is preparing the way for a latter-day witch hunt in education. In any event, what the Communist Party and Charles Beard were to Representative George Dondero in the 1940s, "sixties radicalism," feminism and "inclusionary curricula" are to educational traditionalists of today. And while none of Brookline's teachers have been fired, the final result—whether in censored courses like World in Crisis or in demoralized teachers who censor themselves when it comes to provocative material that drives students to think in unfamiliar ways—may be little different. "I feel more reluctant to bring up controversial issues in class," says Brookline High social studies teacher Renée McKinney. It was McKinney who taught that McCarthyism class at Brookline High. "The lack of respect has forced me to think hard about my future," she says. "But as damaging as it's been for me, it's been harder for the kids; there's been no respect given to the kids' judgment." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

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GENE SEYMOUR

NOTES OF A HANGING JUDGE: Essays and Reviews, 1979–1989. *By Stanley Crouch. Oxford University Press. 265 pp. $24.95.*

TUXEDO JUNCTION: Essays on American Culture. *By Gerald Early. Ecco Press. 334 pp. $19.95.*

If it is possible to imagine African-American arts and letters as a big jazz orchestra (and a contentious, innovative, if hopelessly underappreciated big band it would be, too), then imagine Stanley Crouch and Gerald Early trading fours on their tenor saxes. Each man's tone would complement the other's while retaining a distinct personality. Crouch's tone, I suspect, would evoke Ben Webster's deep blue growl and occasional harsh edges while Early's would carry the swashbuckling, quicksilver manner that marked Lester Young's playing in his glory days with Count Basie.

The comparison isn't as farfetched as it seems. Both the essayist and the jazz musician share the impulse to use their full measure of hard-won resources for testifying, signifying and directly communicating to those reading or listening: *This is my response to the moment; how I feel, what I think, who I am.* Since both Crouch and Early revere black musical traditions, they would no doubt respond favorably to this analogy. Both men, in a sense, are riffing on licks laid down by Albert Murray and Ralph Ellison, who have for years challenged African-American critics and thinkers to transcend sociological dogma and expand the definition of what it means to be black and American. Or, as the late critic and playwright Larry Neal (whom Crouch eulogizes in *Notes of a Hanging Judge*) once put it in an essay on Ellison, to synthesize "the remembered . . . and unremembered" in African-American life with "all that is meaningful and moral and that makes one stronger and wiser in order to live as fully as possible as a human being."

So who cuts whom in this riffing duel? Well, as anybody who's watched two jazz soloists going *mano a mano* during a heated jam session can tell you, it doesn't matter who actually wins a contest if both performers are in reasonably good command of their chops. Crouch, in his introduction, likens himself to "hanging judge" Henry Morgan, "who sent many of his former pirate buddies to the gallows"; clearly, he sees himself as a scourge of the kind of insular ethnic nationalism that many black activists and writers—Crouch included—embraced in the late 1960s while spurning "the complex vision of universal humanism that underlay the Civil Rights Movement." Early is more inquirer than inquisitor. His essays roam that fertile territory where "systems of doubleness" bend American culture into bewildering, astonishing shapes. He uses his intellect as a compass through this wilderness, and his willingness to call upon a wide range of references gives his collection a supple, almost buoyant texture. He pursues his inquiry into cultural life the way he says Ishmael wanted to describe the whale: "to *know what it is* and not simply to *acknowledge his reactions to the chase*." [Emphasis in original.]

As distinctive as both collections are, however, nothing is served by playing Crouch against Early or vice versa. They are both too smart and too resourceful to be put in easily contrasting compartments. Crouch's revisionist thinking, for instance, has some people putting him among the neocons and "second thoughts" weenies. But he is nobody's kneejerker and, unlike members of the "second thoughts" cartel, isn't a Dedicated Follower of Fashion either. Informing all these essays, celebrations and putdowns alike, is a search for common ground and a reaffirmation of the social contract, things you never hear born-again supply-siders talk about. It's hard to call reactionary someone who makes the following observation:

> Probably the worst effect of unrelenting rabble-rousing and the constant attempt to manipulate white Americans through the imposition of guilt was the destruction of the developing national identification with the problems of black Americans that had resulted from the efforts of civil rights leaders like Martin Luther King Jr. In the wake of his death, telling white people off frequently became more important than challenging power relationships.

For every courageous, well-reasoned passage like that, there are equal amounts of bilious sneering, not only at unrepentant black nationalists like Amiri Baraka, Louis Farrakhan and Kwame Toure (Stokely Carmichael) but at culture heroes like Toni Morrison and Spike Lee. Crouch calls Morrison's award-winning novel *Beloved* "a blackface holocaust novel" written "in order to enter American slavery into the big time martyr contest." Lee's much-praised film *Do the Right Thing* is labeled a "rancid fairy tale" with "fascist" overtones. If you loved both works, you will no doubt find yourself screaming at Crouch's book at such points. But you have to appreciate the fact that, like any good jazz player, Crouch never repeats himself or does the predictable.

Neither, as noted before, does Early. Although, unlike Crouch, he isn't out to settle scores or win converts, Early is just as obsessed with finding and establishing common ground in American culture. His search takes him to weight-loss clinics, beauty pageants, the texts of Melville's "Benito Cereno," Walker's *The Color Purple*, Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and, more often than not, to his own boyhood in Philadelphia, where memories of neighborhood parties, the women in his household listening to Memphis Minnie, Mahalia Jackson and the Shirelles, and the bold dreams of young men pursuing boxing glory add resonance to his ideas (and, by the way, provide some of the purest and most satisfying evocations of what it was like to grow up black and male from the 1950s through the 1970s).

If the range of Early's interests is daunting, his command of literary, musical and sports history is breathtaking, never more so than when he writes about what he says are his "two most passionate avocations," boxing and jazz. It is in his essays on those two subjects that his balance of both the anecdotal and the analytical skates the edges of perfection. His recollection of a twilight performance by alto saxophonist Sonny Stitt, who was dogged for much of his life by comparisons with Charlie Parker, is both moving and chilling:

> Stitt then played a slow-tempo version of "Skylark". . . . He returned to his

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> lackadaisical self, giving a rather pedestrian reading of the song; then suddenly during a two-minute cadenza, he played a solo which was simply the best played by a jazz saxophonist. It not only had the fireworks of technique, but was faultlessly constructed. It not only was as good as Bird, but was actually better. For a brief moment, Stitt outdid the teacher; he was king of the hill. After the cadenza, there was a brief silence before Stitt and his group launched back into the theme. In those few seconds, somebody shouted, "Bird lives." Stitt started to play the theme, but he abruptly stopped, peered at the audience for a minute as if searching for someone, then said clearly into the microphone, "I don't play Bird." I suppose he meant to say that he didn't play *like* Bird. But that is open [to question]. Perhaps he meant exactly what he said, just as when old black folks say, "The sun do move," they do not mean, "the sun does move." He never finished the theme for "Skylark." He simply walked off the stand. The unfinished set didn't matter; he had played for a long time. Perhaps he found out that night he had played too long.

Like most of Early's writing, the images and ideas come at you in a thick and heavy rush. At times, the sheer weight of his intelligence and virtuosity can wear you out. After moving from the myth of St. Nicholas and Black Peter to William Godwin's *Caleb Williams* in discussing "Benito Cereno," you sense that it even wears Early out sometimes. But you're better off for the workout.

Crouch and Early seem to burn their brightest and hottest when their subject is Jesse Jackson. Both men see in Jackson's presidential candidacies what many mainstream (mostly white) political commentators at the time either could not or would not acknowledge: the potential to expand not only black America's self-definition of what is possible or achievable but also white America's conception of what a black American can achieve or make possible.

Crouch, for instance, finds in Jackson's blues-and-gospel-rooted rhetorical style a continuation of the quintessential black voice that, whether from Bessie Smith or Martin Luther King Jr., expresses "the vernacular sound of majestic human engagement, whether personal or social, political or spiritual." Early sees Jackson as "vitally important for our culture" because "he is trying mightily and sometimes nobly to work out, on moral and psychological levels, what human commitment is and, on political and pragmatic levels, what black male ambition means."

If they see Jackson's possibilities clearly, they also see his drawbacks. Crouch is bothered by the country preacher's tendency to mythologize aspects of his past, and wonders, in a postscript, whether Jackson can move "beyond the position of a great symbol and [achieve] the often painful identity of a truly great man." Early suggests that Jackson hasn't yet won the White House "in part because no one is sure if he wants the office to create change or if simply electing him to the office is change."

Much of Crouch's growling, edgy tone, stylistically and otherwise, can be gleaned from the following portion of his Jackson piece:

> At its finest, Jackson's rhetoric is a repudiation of the shallowness that has come to exemplify so much Negro statement. It has particular pungence at a time when sham glamour moves in line with the degradation of rap music and the demonic music of Prince, whose tunes are the squeaks of ungreased souls, are what William Carlos Williams called, "the shriek of starvation."

Early's command of literary and cultural sources is as impressive as Crouch's. But like "Prez" Young or Charlie Parker, he takes his variation on the same theme into wild, funny and unexpected terrain, ranging from *The Man* (Irving Wallace's speculative 1964 potboiler about a black President-by-accident) and Booker T. Washington to Muhammad Ali and the Cat in the Hat, as depicted both by his creator, Dr. Seuss, and by Robert Coover, who had the Cat actually running for President in a 1968 short story, "A Political Fable":

> Like [the Cat], Jackson brings his chaos and his VOOM! and his pinko cat ring, as well as his aching ambition and his hatred of inadvertence, into our house. He is, as [abolitionist] David Walker called himself in his 1828 *Appeal to the Colored Citizens of the World*, "a disturber of the public peace." He is also, unlike his fictional counterpart, quite likely to return more than twice.

However barbed you may find Crouch's opinions or however formidable you may find Early's eclecticism, there's one thing you can't deny: Both these collections of essays offer further proof that this is a time of African-American cultural and intellectual ferment as exhilarating and open-ended as the myriad changes now sweeping Europe. How far this will

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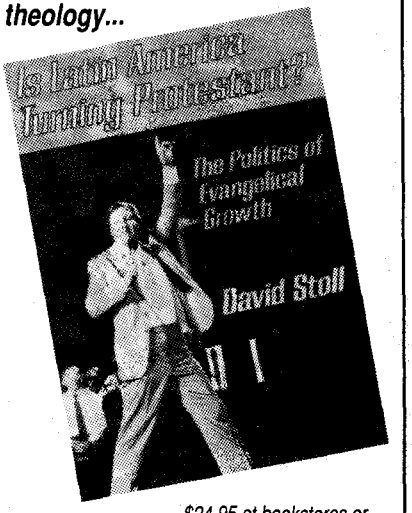

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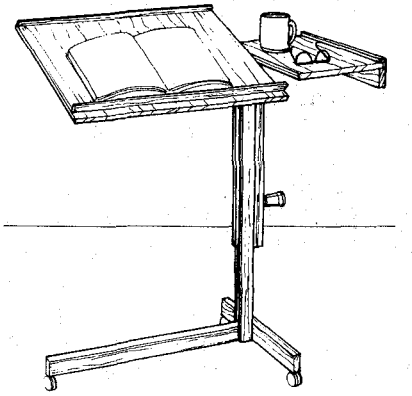

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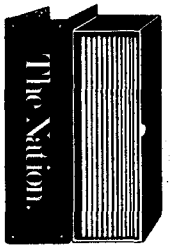

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stretch is anybody's guess. But these works help demonstrate that there will never again be a time when white America can count on a generalized, formalized, easily compartmentalized Black Response. □

Liberté, Égalité, Torture

PHILIP AGEE

TORTURE: The Role of Ideology in the French-Algerian War. *By Rita Maran. Praeger. 214 pp. $42.95.*

"Un peu d'humanité!" cried Abdelaziz Boupacha as French military torturers worked him over after his arrest in Algiers in 1960. "Pas d'humanité pour les Arabes!" they responded.

Boupacha, after his eventual release, recounted this unpleasant exchange for Simone de Beauvoir and Gisele Halimi as they collected "testimonies" for their book about Boupacha's daughter, Djamila, who was arrested and tortured at the same time as her father. In one of the more shocking revelations of Rita Maran's disturbing and timely book, *Torture: The Role of Ideology in the French-Algerian War*, Boupacha went on to exclaim, "Long live France and justice!"

The cry was not sarcastic. Boupacha's astonishing loyalty to the country responsible for his torture, his daughter's and that of thousands of other Muslim Algerians is indicative, as Maran points out, of the persevering grasp of the French "civilizing mission" over its victims. "The allure of French culture and civilization," she writes, "was not easily rooted out by the colonized recipients of the civilizing mission, not even in the face of assaults against them that negated all notions of cultured or civilized behavior."

If Muslim Algerians could shout "Vive la France!" while undergoing torture at the hands of Christian French police and soldiers, the contradiction on the French side was also sharp. How was it possible, Maran asks, for a civilized country like France to adopt a deliberate policy of savagely torturing prisoners, even people who were not suspected of revolutionary activities or of having valuable information? How was it possible that France's systematic use of torture could continue for years after the policy had become public?

France, after all, had initiated efforts to eliminate torture with the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen in 1789, had provided the death penalty for torturers in its penal code and had signed the three main international conventions that specifically outlawed torture: the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations (1948), the Geneva Conventions (1949) and the European Convention on Human Rights (1953). Behind the flagrant and continuous violation of these formal commitments, might there be, Maran asks, an ideological basis providing the reason and justification for torture?

In searching for answers, Maran reviews the statements and writings of major and minor participants and observers of the eight-year Algerian conflict as they relate to torture and France's all-out effort to keep Algeria French. This review, the core of her book, focuses on three categories of actors: government officials, the military and intellectuals. In their discourse one theme, as motive and justification for fighting the war, emerges again and again: France's historic *mission civilisatrice*, that is, the transfer through colonization of French culture, language, religion, values system, education and administration in the name of progress and modernization. The common ideological strand is at times explicit, at times only implied, with some viewing defeat of the civilizing mission in Algeria as equivalent to the destruction of French civilization in its entirety.

The public debate over torture, especially among intellectuals, was not intense until the Battle of Algiers in 1957. But earlier on, François Mauriac, the noted Catholic writer and Christian Democrat, spoke out. His writings and speeches in 1955 provoked a debate on torture in the National Assembly and contributed to the appointment by François Mitterrand, then Minister of the Interior, of Roger Wuillaume to investigate allegations of torture in Algeria. After one month spent interviewing police officers and prisoners, Wuillaume produced an eleven-page report confirming that torture was being practiced. But,

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he argued, the police needed torture to do their job, and the main corrective should be to establish rules authorizing these "special procedures" in order "to restore confidence to the police."

Torture was, from the beginning, justified as a necessary and effective response to terrorism. French government and military leaders did not consider that the Algerians' armed struggle for self-determination flowed directly from the human rights paraded as integral to the historic civilizing mission: liberty, equality, fraternity and the Declaration of the Rights of Man. The National Liberation Front (F.L.N.) was considered simply a bunch of lawless terrorists.

When French intellectuals awoke to the excesses of torture and repression during the Battle of Algiers, their positions, with exceptions on the left like Jean-Paul Sartre's, were also framed within the concept of the *mission civilisatrice*. Maran cites Pierre-Henri Simon and Alex Mellor, among others, as taking their positions against torture in this traditional context. But the main division among intellectuals was between those who condemned torture and violence on both sides—for example, Albert Camus and Jules Roy and Germaine Tillion—and those like Sartre and de Beauvoir, who "held that the revolutionaries fighting the full power of the colonizer-state were justified in using their poorer resources without moral restrictions."

The outcry from intellectuals, whatever other influence they might have had, was ineffectual in stopping torture. By 1961 even de Beauvoir confessed to fatigue on the issue: "I suppose, I suffer from a kind of tetanus of the imagination. . . . One gets used to it. But in 1957, the burns on the face, on the sexual organs, the nails torn out, the impalements, the shrieks, the convulsions, outraged me."

Apologists for the war, both civilian and military, attacked critics of torture as antipatriotic and as damaging to military morale. Redbaiting was also common, since the Communist parties of both France and Algeria supported the F.L.N. Prime Minister Guy Mollet went so far as to charge that the antitorture campaign was orchestrated by "enemies of France," i.e., Communists.

Not unexpectedly, the policy of torture had its effects on soldiers and officers. Many spoke out about their abhorrence of torture and violence. Others wrote. When ex-paratrooper Pierre Leulliette wrote *St. Michael and the Dragon* (1961), describing in grim detail the tortures he had seen, the government seized the book.

Worse treatment befell Army Gen. Jacques Pâris de Bollardière, who was assigned in 1956 as Commander of the Eastern Atlas region of Algeria. The following year he protested the use of torture to his superior and old colleague, Gen. Jacques Massu, and when Massu reacted with contempt, Bollardière asked to be relieved. Then he went public with a letter to *L'Express*, which resulted in a military trial. Convicted, his sentence of two months' confinement was the most severe given to any officer in relation to the Algerian war.

Although, as Maran points out, torture did stop F.L.N. terrorism for a while after the Battle of Algiers, it hardly prevented an F.L.N. victory. Nor did Algerian independence in 1962 bring French or Western civilization crashing to the ground. But torture did expose the two main contradictions of the civilizing mission. First, its use as an ideology to justify colonialism was doomed to produce

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SHEEP SACRIFICE

It is never a nice morning
When we take the sheep from their rocks,
from the artemisia that is lacy
under a rising sun—a citron halo
that is always there, no matter how early
I get up to wait for Anita's truck.
When the backdoor slams, shattering
a peace in the pasture, this day,
until now without fault, begins.

The sheep don't care.
Only when I kneel against a fence
post after feeding them,
to run hard fists through wool
that never looks snowy on farms,
do they bother to look up,
as though inquiring, "Are you still here?"
For by November sheep have learned trust.

I've fooled them with my grainy affection.
The path between shed and pen
is worn so clean, even they see it,
and it will be there when next year's lambs
are dropped. As the seasons spiral,
each set seems more willing to be mine,
and I have come to hate this month
when heat dies, when the color passes,

and the grasses must be mown
before they drown in leaves.
Instead, our heads go up as a truck
shifts around the corner, and my fingers,
kneading their cold, silk nostrils, shiver:
Now do they know why I stayed outside?
Why, in the same, expectant air we breathe,
I vow never to repeat this ritual?

Why, at the intersection of two arteries,
before a platform
with outgrown farmboys issuing orders
from clipboards marked "kill sheet,"
I turn away after giving them up?
Who can distinguish the faces of sheep
when names no longer matter?
In five minutes the stockades will be empty.

It is never nice to return home alone.
Above that empty enclosure, fall's clouds race.
Twists of wool, caught in the wires
Like ribbons wound around children's fingers
to remind them, remind me that is I,
who never remembers autumn's inexorable
return. I, for whom winter is only a decoy,
who requires a purpose

to repeat what Spring promises,
I know that tonight, as I walk the dog
along the road, there will be no reason
to look up. No bleatings, joining other summers,
will follow our movements from side to side.
No shaggy blotches, forever in tandem,
humped forms in high relief on a hillside,
will inform me it is suppertime.

Anne Babson Carter

independence movements, as in Algeria, founded on its own principles. Second, the civilizing ideology was used in Algeria to justify its very opposite.

Maran's treatment of French torture in Algeria is entirely relevant to people in the United States today. Although she never mentions Central America, the parallels between the French experience in Algeria and U.S. policy in Central America over the past ten years are obvious. Substitute "restoration of democracy" for *mission civilisatrice* and we find the American ideological justification for supporting the death squads in El Salvador and the *contra* war of terrorism against Nicaragua. United States officials may not be personally involved in torture (although there are allegations to the contrary from victims), but the U.S. military and C.I.A. advisers know perfectly well that torture and murder by the *contras* and the Salvadoran military have been standard practice.

Each day nearly $1.5 million flows from U.S. taxpayers to the Salvadoran government. And each day C.I.A. officers are giving the Salvadoran services training, equipment, guidance, money and information to carry out the kidnapping, torture, murder and disappearances of activists in the trade unions, student organizations and other noncombatant popular groupings. More than 70,000 Salvadorans have died this way over a ten-year period.

I know about the C.I.A.'s operations with security services in Latin America firsthand. While sitting in a police chief's office, I heard the screams of a torture victim whose arrest for preventive detention I had requested. Torture was not our purpose, but I and my colleagues should have known it might happen, and we should have done something to prevent it. Then I lived several years with a torture victim whose ordeal in Brazil could be traced directly to the C.I.A.'s support for security services there.

Sooner or later a C.I.A. officer or U.S. military adviser may have "enough," as French soldiers in Algeria did, and go public with details of U.S. support for torture and murder. But meanwhile, we in the United States must continue efforts to support a negotiated settlement to the war in El Salvador and dissolution and disarming of the Nicaraguan *contras*, and we must oppose U.S. participation in torture anywhere in the world. (Right now an international treaty against tor-

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ture is pending ratification in the Senate.) For the "tetanus of the imagination" that came to afflict Simone de Beauvoir, Rita Maran's book is the perfect antidote. □

Apocalypse Now

DAN BELLM

PEOPLE IN TROUBLE. *By Sarah Schulman. E.P. Dutton. 228 pp. $17.95.*

Sarah Schulman, the novelist and playwright who most recently gave us *After Delores* (1988), has spent the past decade inventing and mastering a genre of her own—a kind of comic urban underclass lesbian revenge-thriller *noir*. Her pointedly subversive view of the world is implicit in the choice of setting: Her women scramble for a marginal existence in a rough part of town, loving or hating one another, or some combination of the two, without apology. If *People in Trouble*, Schulman's fourth novel, is much more overtly political and accusatory than her earlier work, this is clearly because the cataclysms of poverty, homelessness and AIDS that have struck her real-life part of town couldn't help but spread to the neighborhood of her fiction.

"It was the beginning of the end of the world," the novel opens, "but not everyone noticed right away. Some people were dying. Some people were busy. Some people were cleaning their houses while the war movie played on television." A scathing and darkly hilarious apocalypse-now set in New York's Lower East Side, *People in Trouble* takes as its theme not so much the "end of the world" per se as the general failure to notice and react, the disaster of denial and neglect.

The character Kate, for one, a very successful (and married) East Village painter, finds herself in a shop buying racy lingerie for her new lover, a much younger woman named Molly. Kate is surprised and turned on by the romance but confident it implies no lasting consequences; she's even told her husband, Peter, all about it. Kate and Peter, a lighting designer, are both very sophisticated visual thinkers, but they've grown used to seeing everything the same way. Art is their shield and their "political work"—as Kate says, "New forms are revolutionary." But art ideas are suddenly no match for the turmoil of their lives or the misery they are coming upon daily in the streets.

An army of the homeless is camped in Tompkins Square Park, and from her studio window Kate watches the police disperse it brutally one night. Curious, Peter follows a line of people into a soup kitchen and is jolted by his own capacity for compassion. "How can you relieve suffering for even one moment?" he wonders. "I can't imagine what to do. Nothing in my life has prepared me for this." After too many funerals for friends dead of AIDS, Molly's grief starts to overflow; a memorial march to release balloons and sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" leaves her with "a kind of nostalgia with public sadness and the sharing of emotions. But then what?"

As these three lives intertwine, willingly or not, *People in Trouble* charts their responses to new circumstances and a new awareness of suffering. Awareness isn't enough, Molly decides, joining a budding AIDS-activist group called Justice; nor is the warm glow of compassion; nor is art. Among people with AIDS and their friends, she finds that even catastrophic change can spark visionary, inspired, "fabulous" public action. What holds Kate and Peter back, to varying degrees, is essentially what has held America back throughout the AIDS epidemic: unexamined homophobia. Peter decides he's "sick of AIDS," tired of hearing about "gay this and gay that" all the time. "The best thing is to focus on the big picture," he tells a grieving coworker by way of consolation. "Just take the long view and don't get dragged down in temporary details." He hasn't noticed, of course, that his long view is an upper-story privilege most people can't afford.

At a recent gay and lesbian writers' gathering in San Francisco, Schulman drew loud cheers and a fair amount of flak from the crowd of 1,200 when she declared, "There are many people in this room who would not be alive today if it wasn't for ACT UP. There is no book that got any drug released, any drug trial opened or any service provided. . . . Writing a book is not the same thing as taking action."

People in Trouble is an emotional call to action, at least, and it carries all the artistic risk this implies. Schulman is an AIDS activist herself, a member of ACT UP/New York, and in the person of

Dan Bellm, a writer and translator, is a member of ACT UP/San Francisco.

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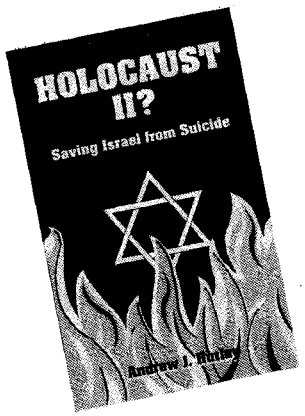

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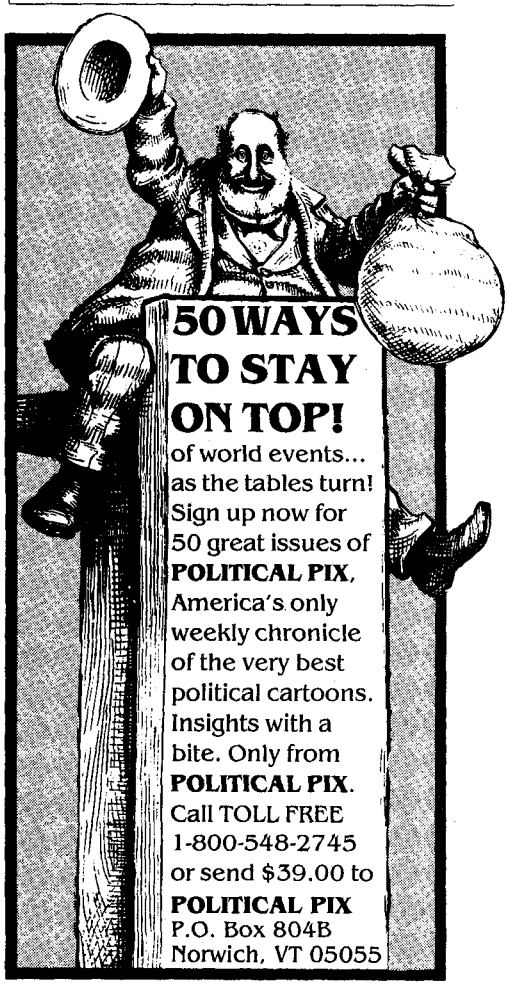
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Molly, her novel wears its heart rather matter-of-factly on its sleeve. This is not a widely favored or necessarily wise move for a serious novelist; it isn't easy to expose an outrage, much less present a model of action, without creating an insufferable cast of saints, villains and martyrs. At times the plot does get a bit didactic, even pious. The group Justice becomes a lot of fun when it hits the streets, but its meeting scenes read like AIDS Information 101. It's strange that Schulman, who must have attended plenty of such meetings, imagines them so thinly. But these are minor irritations in a many-layered, passionate, very moving book.

Schulman's solution to the novel-of-AIDS is her brave and wicked sense of humor; she has drawn her community's response to the epidemic as a grand-scale political cartoon, and she is willing to caricature all sides. Kate and Peter are well-meaning, insensitive straight liberals with a capital S and capital L, but then the always politically correct Molly, as Kate shrewdly observes, "likes to stand next to monsters to prove to the world how good she is. She's good on purpose." Ronald Horne, a real estate magnate who makes a point of evicting homosexuals, is Donald Trump with even more pomp and ego. Even Justice, vanguard of the revolution, turns gradually into ACT UP gone haywire on spike heels—resorting, for instance, to bank robbery, multimillion-dollar credit card scams and, in the novel's great *coup de théâtre*, a high-speed supermarket sweep on behalf of the homeless.

Not that any of these are bad ideas, mind you, and they just might have their day during the long haul ahead. When people get far enough into trouble, Sarah Schulman knows, they get creative. And although art may not be enough, it does give life something to imitate. □

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THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

The Crucible
Of Thee I Sing
Der Ring Gott Farblonjet

I believe the American theater has produced no more considerable tragedy than *The Crucible*, but even so, seeing it with the highest expectations, I was amazed all over again: at its inexorability, at the emotional fireworks of the trial scene, at the wrenching nobility of the last act. I could wish that the scene in the woods between Acts II and III had not been omitted (though its omission has the author's sanction), since it much enlarges the character of Abigail Williams, whose vindictive accusations against various Salem citizens were the proximate cause of the notorious witch hunt of 1692, which the play chronicles. In the missing scene, Abigail is shown to be not just a scheming liar with a gift for a hysterical charisma, or charismatic hysterics, but genuinely loony in the grand manner, a figure belonging to tragedy more than to melodrama.

First let me do my simple duty as a reviewer and insist that the production at the Roundabout is a Must-See—perhaps particularly so for *Nation* readers, since it not only holds the transforming mirror of art up to the traumatic era of the House Un-American Activities Committee but was, in itself, a part of that history. (Readers curious about the links between Arthur Miller's art and the HUAC era should see Chapter 7 of our editor's *Naming Names*, "Elia Kazan and the Case for Silence," and the relevant pages of Miller's autobiography, *Timebends*.)

The Crucible is a play that rewards almost everyone in the cast with at least one moment of glory, and the Roundabout's large cast reaped all their rewards. Randle Mell and Harriet Harris as John and Elizabeth Proctor sustain the weight of tragic fate with a nobility that seems natural and unaffected, than which there is probably no more difficult task for an actor. As Mary Warren, the Proctors' weak-willed serving girl, Vicki Lewis is electrifying; indeed, she generates somewhat more voltage than Justine Bateman, who plays the villainous Abigail (but then, as noted above, an important scene has been lopped from her role). Hazel J. Medina as Tituba, Ruth Nelson as Rebecca Nurse, William Leach as the Rev. John Hale, and Neil Vipond as the Puritan Grand Inquisitor, Deputy Governor Danforth, all turned in performances that should be remembered at Obie time. (Indeed, if there were any test but real estate values governing such matters, the Roundabout should be contending against Broadway houses, not Off-Broadway. If it were, *The Crucible* would sweep the Tony awards for the year's best revival.)

Gerald Freedman directed, and given the complexity of the forces that had to be marshaled on a rather bare stage, the largest triumph of the evening (after Miller's) was surely his.

If *The Crucible* is indeed the nonpareil it seems to me, one can't help wondering why. Surely not because History is inherently ennobling, nor because the need to find an eloquence that mediates between the speech of 1692 and 1953 put the playwright on his mettle (though to a degree it surely did). I think the secret of the play's success was that at just the time he wrote it, Arthur Miller felt the afflatus of being part of History himself. Kazan's testimony before HUAC took place even as Miller was in Salem researching the play. Moreover, Miller was soon to marry Marilyn Monroe. If the world's a stage, few American writers since Benjamin Franklin have had better reason to feel they were at center stage; to feel not just self-esteem (writers rarely want for that) but a legitimate self-importance. Within only a few years, when he came to write *After the Fall*, the same afflatus would have unhappy consequences for his work, but in 1953 Miller's life and his imagination were in sync with something much larger, and the rest is history.

Opening on Broadway on December 26, 1931, *Of Thee I Sing* was the first musical comedy to win a Pulitzer Prize for drama. Ironically, the prize did not go to its primary creator, George Gershwin, but to George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind for the book and to Ira Gershwin for the lyrics. Recently, the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players took a vaca-

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tion from their usual repertory to stage *Of Thee I Sing* at Symphony Space, and the results were uncannily like Gilbert and Sullivan, supposing they had survived into the Jazz Age. The score ranges from effervescent to immortal (the title song, "Love Is Sweeping the Country," "Here's a Kiss for Cinderella"), but what gives almost every song a special edge is the show's concept: John P. Wintergreen is running for President on a one-plank platform, Love. He promises to marry the winner of an Atlantic City beauty contest—such time as he's been elected and sworn in. The plot requires him to fall in love elsewhere, but Love wins the election anyhow, despite the objections of the jilted beauty contest winner. In Act II, Wintergreen is almost impeached but is saved at the last minute by his wife's announcing, to a lovely waltz, "I'm About to Be a Mother." The juxtaposition of operettaish schmaltz and political blarney is as droll as it is in *Iolanthe*, when the Kingdom of Faery encounters the House of Lords. The Gershwins' songs have a timeless relevance to tabloid democracy, where a candidate's hair style or his wife's photogenic smile count for more than issues. If only the dialogue surrounding the songs were of the same caliber. Alas, it has turned to dust. Such time, however, as *Of Thee I Sing* falls into the public domain and can have its book overhauled by someone like Larry Gelbart (who authored this season's *City of Angels* and the Iran/*contra* burlesque *Mastergate*), it should be able to return to Broadway for a long and long-overdue revival.

Meanwhile, I am grateful to the Gilbert and Sullivan Players for the opportunity to see it so capably performed (within the limits of a modest budget), and particularly to Keith Jurosko and Kate Egan, who sang the roles of President and First Lady with a Savoyard balance of musicality and wit.

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet is Charles Ludlam's version of Wagner's Ring cycle and further proof that the author's plays don't require his supervisory presence to succeed. Ludlam's more passionate admirers credit him with mythopoeic depths and modernist luminescence my own antennas don't register, but it may be that that is the only way they know to applaud him. Ludlam surely deserves applause, and so does Everett Quinton, who directs this redesigned production with zest, nuance and a brisker tempo that cuts almost an hour from the running time of the original 1977 production.

Quinton also undertakes the role of "das uglische Dwarf Alverrück." Of him one Rheinmaiden observes, "Er kommt nicht das wasser zu trinken!" To which Alverrück replies, with a leer, "I came some tuschies zu pinchen." The Rheinmaidens reply, "Fie!" "Foh!" and "Faugh! Horny beast!" Wagner's story lends itself at almost every point to such sillification, and Ludlam has a romp stirring Yiddish idioms into fractured German (as in the title), and scrawling Mona Lisa mustaches on the various gods and demigods. Mark Bennett contributes a musical score that mixes the better-known leitmotifs with the likes of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," but most of the dialogue is spoken, and if you think about it, you're halfway to travesty delivering *any* opera's libretto with the music wrung out.

One of the signature features of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's productions has been a gender-free casting policy. In that tradition, *Der Ring* offers a chorus line of male Valkyrie drag-queens singing "Dykes queer are we! Yo!" plus six other travesty roles divided equally between the guys and the gals. The key roles of Siegfried and Brunnhilda are undertaken by Jim Lamb and Sophie Maletsky, both of the appropriate sex, but. . . . How to express it politely? The Siegfried whom Ludlam imagines, and Lamb portrays, is what a susceptible gay operagoer watching Wagner's opera might be *thinking* as he sees a beefy *heldentenor* sing the role. Lamb as Siegfried flirtatiously acknowledges such a subtext (as to a lesser degree does Maletsky as Brunnhilda) but is also the butt of any number of jokes at the expense of his butch pretensions (much as actresses in "dumb blonde" roles are the focus of both desire and a revengeful contempt). The psychology behind this ambivalent reaction may not be altogether noble, but it's one more way in which straights and gays are essentially alike. It's also, because so rare, a burlesque show specifically catering to gay lusts and gay guilts, a chance to enjoy, however fleetingly, the pleasures of a normative vulgarity. This is not to signpost the play "For Gays Only." The straight friend who accompanied me to the Charles Ludlam Theater had a high old time, too. So for that matter would Richard Wagner, now that he's had so much time, posthumously, to work on his sense of humor. □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

In the Garage

One of the best things about garage bands is that they're usually no better than they have to be. Now relabeled college-radio acts by industry marketers ever eager to segment artists and their consumers, garage bands are actually best defined by what they aren't: self-consciously professional or superficially polished. It's an aesthetic choice with social overtones. In our culture, it means they expose again and again the amateur, popular roots from which nearly all rock and roll that isn't corporately germinated develops. Ironically, the familiar repetitions, "simplified" forms and compressed plots of garage rock—the features that mark it as a vital popular art form and guarantee its audience—are precisely what draw sniffs and sighs from some critics and musicians. That misunderstanding underlines one more problem with dividing culture into high and low instead of simply recognizing different tracks worn into our perceptions by centuries of human footprints. In fact, the thousands of cumulatively telling moments some of these bands, like twentieth-century Homeric bards, have chronicled for more than thirty years are a major measure of rock's enduring achievement as a cultural form.

So here are some recent releases (and a few older ones that fell between column cracks) by garage bands who are doing more than just recycling earlier sounds. First up are more established groups, followed by short takes on up-and-comers. If chiming and chunky basic guitar chords, scraggly-to-the-point-of-off-key voices, lyrics teetering at the edges of surrealism and cliché, and slam-dunk beats don't get your adrenaline going, skip these albums and go directly to a rock and roll doctor.

With the *Groovies' Greatest Grooves* (Sire), primo garage honchos The Flamin' Groovies have been properly memorialized. At the roots of nearly all later garage rockers, the Groovies' twenty-year-plus career spanned the format's germination, sprouting and widespread reseeding. In the ten years since their reluctant demise, their slippery mix of three-chord rockabilly, raunchy blues and prickly British-invasion rock and pop (read: Stones and Beatles) has made the band the stuff of legend and collectibility for its descendants. Oddball covers—the primal garage-band statement of integrity and commitment—of Freddy Cannon's "Tallahassee Lassie," Bob Dylan's "Absolutely Sweet Marie" and the Beatles' "There's a Place" pepper twenty original outings that range from being cravenly imitative of their Beatles idols to outrageously, goofily idiosyncratic, including some of the cuts produced by Dave Edmunds, co-founder with Nick Lowe of England's premier garage band, Rockpile. Here is history with a grin full of sharp teeth.

The Embarrassment wasn't around quite as long as the Groovies—only from 1978 to 1983. It suffered the fate of many garage bands of the period: Until the bigger independent labels, and then the majors, picked up on outfits like R.E.M., from Athens, Georgia, the rootsy garagers were ignored while the mainstream industry pushed an endless line of synthesized English dance-floor twits. Somehow—such is the magic of rock and roll—the Embarrassment developed a cult following despite being labeled "too American sounding," thanks to the appeal of their varied arrangements, heady and intelligent lyrics, Byrds-via-Television guitars and pounding rhythms. Though two members have been working with the Del Fuegos and Big Dipper, the Embarrassment re-formed for the finely honed, deftly diverse and aptly titled *God Help Us* (Bar/None). It should be more widely available than earlier, lost-in-the-distribution-shuffle efforts like *Death Travels West* and *Retrospective* (both from Fresh Sounds).

Like the lamentably defunct dBs, the scruffy-voiced Silos have chronicled with odd precision the shifting sands of relationships and the jagged edges of daily life—like tearing down an empty highway with the windows down after you've broken up with your lover, screaming "I'm over you" while the radio shrieks at near unintelligibility. One of the archetypal garage bands of the 1980s, the Silos are Walter Salas-Humara and Bob Rupe augmented by a shifting rhythm section and occasional winding keyboards or haunting violas or violins. Their dark-toned but somehow optimistic tunes refract the Stones, Creedence Clearwater, Otis Redding, the Byrds, the Standells, Television, the Sex Pistols and others—sometimes in a single song—with appropriately skewed genius. Their major-label debut, *The Silos* (RCA), lives up to indie releases *About Her Steps*, *Tennessee Fire* and *Cuba* (all Record Collect) while recycling a couple of their earlier tunes.

Bars, especially dark ones, are the natural breeding grounds for garage bands. That's where Souled American has been weaving a subterranean dream of country, blues and rock that has yielded three albums. It won deserved critical praise for earlier releases *Fe* and *Flubber* (both Rough Trade). With *Around the Horn* (Rough Trade), the members continue their hypnotic, spontaneous, rootsy explorations, transposing would-be horn lines into guitars and squeezeboxes; foregrounding the burping, froggy bass; and penning mournful tunes with nearly indecipherable lyrics that feel just fine, thanks to the nasally aching Neil Young–like vocals. Everything about the band is just stretched and warped enough to make you reach for a beer and scuff in time in the sawdust on the floor.

Passion Fodder scrambles blues- and country-driven rock behind crusty vocalist Theo Hakola, whose sardonic, surrealistic, pointed lyrics recall the Fugs. Morose, angular bluesy settings that build to searing intensity mark *Woke Up This Morning . . .* (Beggars Banquet), which boasts self-explanatory song titles like "My Body Betrays Me She Said" and the only rock lyrics I know that see Brecht from a feminist perspective.

Miracle Room may also get you wondering just what kind of bar you've wandered into. Stuck on a worldwide radio dial somewhere amid trance music and buzz-saw Hendrix and industrial noise, their debut EP, *Miracle Room* (Bar/None), juxtaposes throat-ripping vocals, sawed and bleeding guitars and generally lighthearted atmospherics in songs with titles like "Mother of Destruction."

Arson Garden creates psychoscapes that are less sonically extreme but still determined to make your skin crawl. On *Under Towers* (Community 3), raw guitars jangle, lurch and surge in minor-key tunes behind April Combs's understated, Natalie Merchant-ish vocals during ironic tunes like "Lash," "Heat From a Radiated House" and "Solitariat."

Launching things with an oncoming feedback scream, edged with the post-punk fury that has driven garage bands for the past decade, Helen Keller Plaid's *Din* (Mad Rover) kicks with a strangely taut and disciplined energy. The band pilots ironically clever lyrics ("Time is for wasting" is how "Leaving" begins) over

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now-folky, now-grinding textures like a Jefferson Airplane for the 1990s.

Uproarious surrealism shapes the music and lyrics of the Texas Midgets. On *Man With the X-Ray Eyes* (Mad Rover), sounds from rockabilly to reggae to country blues crash into one another and get bent behind strangulated vocals that squeeze out overheated, arresting and just plain weird and funny plots and character sketches. What results is what you might get if you could cross Loudon Wainwright with NRBQ.

Cross a French Nico and the Velvet Underground with the Blasters and you've got—vaguely—Apache Dancers' *War Stories* (I.R.S.). Behind chanteuse Bernadette Colomine, the guitar trio swaggers and surfs twangy guitars through off-center tunes like "Merle's Cravat," "Last Night I Was a Bad Person's Plaything" and "Je n'ai besoin de personne en Harley Davidson." More fun than a foot-long hot dog in a baguette.

On *Smallmouth* (Rough Trade), their second album, the female trio Scrawl scripts depressing but convincing psychodramas of unfulfilled passion, alienated pain, dulled misunderstanding and just plain old missed connections sung flatly over Rock 101–style guitar jangle-and-rheum. They're relentless, but they've got something to say if you can stand how it comes out.

If the Bangles hadn't sung so many studio-perfect four-part harmonies and hadn't been seduced by pop stardom, they might have been the Aquanettas. On *Love With the Proper Stranger* (Nettwerk), their lyrics neatly and wryly flip the usual male-oriented rock love song on its head, or frame ironic pictures like "Beach Party" and "Black on Blonde." So women are tinkering in the garage, which until recently was a male preserve. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 690*)

in a social sense. The Twelve-Step Programs fit that model.

Cutter suggests that I might have discussed the anti-psychiatry movement of the 1960s and 1970s. It's an interesting issue. Certainly the abuses and costs of traditional psychiatry were (and are) appropriate targets for radical critique. However, there is something ironic about the historic development of the self-help movements. What started as a needed revolt from institutional authority on these matters has, by 1990, become itself an establishment institution which, from a political perspective, is far from progressive. Stripped of its New Left/feminist context, it has been integrated into the very system the self-help movements challenged. There are now very strong economic ties between the Twelve-Step Programs and the medical establishment. As Stanton Peele demonstrates in his *Diseasing of America*, insurance plans and private physicians routinely require that substance abusers—of alcohol, drugs or even food—participate in Twelve-Step Programs and even admit themselves to residential treatment centers in order to be eligible for insurance benefits. This is very big business from which "health professionals," lecturers, conference organizers and authors reap huge incomes.

Then there is the question of whether these programs actually work for most people. The fact is that recidivism is a mainstay of the entire movement. That's why people never "graduate" from the programs. If you define yourself as a lifelong "addict" and see compulsive behavior as an "illness" from which there is no recovery, you are, by definition, permanently dependent on your program. As Paul Simon once sang of allergies, "We get better but we never get cured." The illness metaphor is, I think, a dangerous way of thinking about these things. The point of the old self-help groups, after all (and for that matter, of any good therapy), is to get free of the debilitating behavior and move on, not to stay with it for eternity.

Finally, Schwartz asserts that these programs "constitute a social movement . . . whose basic values are shared by the left." I don't think so. If you are going to several meetings a week and focusing on spiritual and personal issues you are, by necessity, switching priorities from social involvement to personal healing. As I argued in the review, there are obvious reasons for this. We are living in an era where the very thought of progressive institutional restructuring smacks of pie in the sky. In such times, people do tend to focus inward and concentrate on the only thing they can imagine themselves controlling—their personal life.

As a corollary, we are also living in a time when personal life—economic, emotional, etc.—has become increasingly stressful, alienated and lonely. The Twelve-Step Programs provide a kind of substitute for what most of us want and lack: intimacy, sharing, a sense of belonging to a community of like souls. I believe that people (rightly) crave this and these groups provide it. But, to repeat and conclude, this is not an authentic but a facsimile version of community and intimacy. It's based on a sense of common illness and weakness that is troubling. I still believe we should be looking outward to the social causes of "addiction." That way lies potential liberation; the Twelve Steps, on the other hand, even at their best (and I certainly tried to give a balanced view, pointing out what was good about them), are ultimately mere Band-Aids for a wounded world. *Elayne Rapping*

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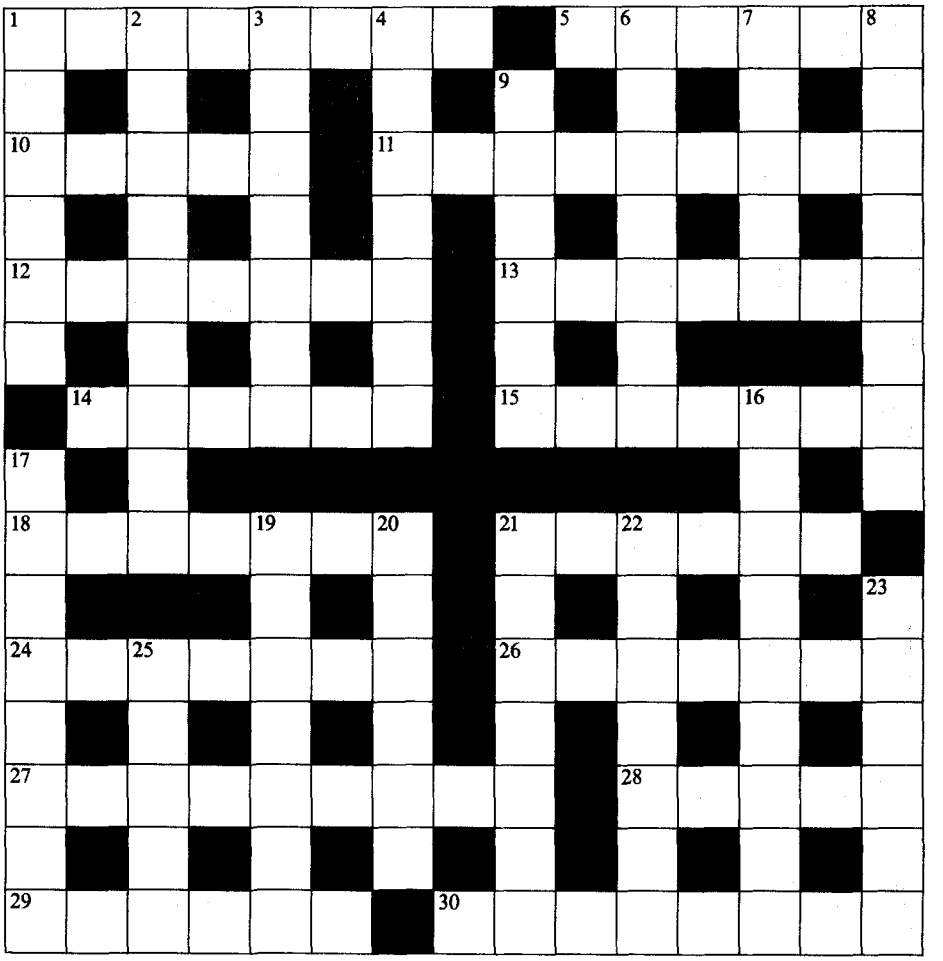

ACROSS

1 and 5 One for whom malmsey was too much put several hundred on something to point out one who held a brief for monkeys. (8,6)
10 and 21 Where students might be kept in the dark? (5,6)
11 Something to drink with toast, possibly. (9)
12 It might make the C.I.O. feel adrift, possibly. (3,4)
13 With improper diet, sex was. (7)
14 There are usually a couple of these in every pack! (6)
15 One should be able to figure the odds, and do something at the end of the early months. (7)
18 The way I fix up the house might make me older. (7)
21 See 10
24 A depressed component of steel might go on raids (being used by the press gang?) (7)
26 Oriental countries? (This general was in power just before the revolution.) (7)
27 You'll find a sick one in some poets game for it. (9)
28 It might be considered home, when you're up. (Take nourishment from it!) (5)
29 and 30 Possibly associated with the early flight. (Correct sounding churchmen, too.) (6,8)

DOWN

1 and 9 Frank is able, and acted accordingly at the judge's office, once appearing on TV. (6,6)
2 How can a grown male be such a crawly thing! (9)
3 Is she the girl in Paris? (7)
4 Tom's hanging around someone revolutionary, with distinguishing marks. (7)
6 Name for an office? "A quiet spot." (7)
7 and 16 down Correct about the features, in military order. (5,5,4)
8 Sounds like an ineffective stupor, possibly lasting from Monday to Friday. (8)
9 See 1
16 See 7
17 Not very pleased to make obeisance. (Tell one associated with it!) (8)
19 Turner, fast becoming a religious person? (7)
20 They might put shadow on unless they are the main traveling types. (6)
21 As you can see, this pen serves to make a poet outstanding. (7)
22 The point in the center of the cooking vessel that those on the town might want to see. (3,4)
23 You and I, somewhat objectively, take what belongs to the girl to be leading figures in the theater. (6)
25 I held this to be wrong, but a new one might be capital! (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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